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Contents.

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS	25
SCENES IN LONDON: THE MIGRATION	26
REVIEWS: Byrne's British Colonies	29
Forster's Life of Goldsmith	31
Lord Hervey's Memoirs	33
SHORT NOTICES: Hawker on Sanitary Care—Shakspeare for Children	37
Fine Arts:	
THE MODERN ARTIST: THE CAUSE OF HIS MEDIOCRITY	37
Fau's Anatomy for Artists	39
The Royal Academy Exhibition	40
MUSIC: New Ballads	42
JOURNAL OF THE WEEK'S NEWS	43
DOCUMENTS: The Pope and Austria	44
MISCELLANIES: Fine Arts in Scotland—The Pictures of the late M. Casimir Perier—Emerson's Patent Cement Paint—Statistics of the Parisian Barricades—Public Petitions—Prussian Prints—Transmission of Books by Post, &c.	45

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

THE revolutionary drama of Europe hangs fire. The catastrophe appears to be almost indefinitely postponed. There is more smoke to be seen every week that runs on, and less fierce and devouring flame. Big men are daily dwindling down into little dwarfs; infallible prophecies are turning out old wives' dreams; nations on the point of bankruptcy find means for satisfying their creditors, and raising fresh funds; despots learn wisdom, and patriots shew themselves knaves and cowards; and it is really harder to guess when the beginning of the end is to commence, than when the first ragings of the storm swept through France and Italy.

Just now all eyes are turned to the vast Assembly meeting in Paris to settle the destinies of the great, heroic, childish, magnanimous, foolish, haughty, persevering, vacillating, romantic, commonplace, religious, wicked, French nation. As strange a gathering as ever met together is collected to arrange the affairs of the new Republic. There is the ex-peer and the mechanic, the soldier and the bishop, the monk and the infidel, the journalist and the landowner, all alike pledged to republicanism, but to nothing else. While those tremendous shouts rang through the air on the 5th, as the embryo legislators shewed themselves to the exulting multitude, amid the waving of flags, the glancing of swords, and the roaring of cannon, one sentiment alone seemed to reign in every heart, as it unquestionably spoke in every tongue. Who could doubt then that France is republican in heart; that she is one undivided nation; that henceforth there are to be no parties; and that the new legislature will have no difficulties to contend with, arising from differences in fundamental principles of government existing among themselves?

Will our readers count us mere lovers of paradox if we assert, that this very outward and apparent unanimity in principle is, in our idea, one of the most ter-

rible difficulties which will oppress the progress of France to a state of peace and practical liberty? We do believe it so, indeed; for we are convinced that of all the disheartening, distressing, and unconquerable hindrances to the active practical co-operation of those who are only partially agreed in their sentiments, there is none so overwhelming, as the necessity under which they lie of joining in a fanatic cry which has no echo in the depths of their secret souls. Who can really believe all these men to be republicans *in heart*? Who can deny that hundreds of them are only republicans because they believe a monarchy to be impossible? Who does not see that in their most vehement shouts of adhesion to the new order of things, there is the secret reservation, that it is to be accepted as a frightful necessity? Who has not noted the singular caution with which multitudes of the most cordial adherents of this young Republic have abstained from all theoretical statements of political doctrines; and have swelled the popular shouts, as the only chance of saving themselves, and warding off a more fearful calamity? We do not believe the vast French nation to have turned round from monarchy to republicanism in three days. It is monstrous to suppose that such a miracle of political conversion can have been wrought, even in France. *The French people are not such fools as to have changed their private opinions in a few minutes*, merely because Louis Philippe acted like a man in his dotage. Of all the millions whose throats are now hoarse with their acclamations and *vivas*, there are multitudes who would gladly exchange this dreamy republicanism, with its *fusées*, and triumphal cars, and nonsensical fraternisations, for a good, honest constitutional monarchy, which should refuse to acknowledge the equality of the man who blacks the shoes with the man who wears them, and at the same time ensure personal and political liberty to all alike.

And herein will be found the secret of the weakness of the new Assembly. Its members will not dare to speak the truth. They must talk cant; they must conceal their secret feelings; they must avoid delicate subjects; they must never forget the mighty mob without; with monarchy in their hearts, they must shout, "*Vive la République!*" with a cordial abhorrence of levelling, they must say, "*Down with all aristocracies!*" Little indeed do we envy the most influential men in that passionate and exciting Assembly of Representatives. Bitterly should we rue the day when we were called to take a part in those strange, heartless, yet vehement disputations, which must speedily try the new constitution to its foundations. We had rather be charged with the most hopelessly unpopular of motions in the cold, unenthusiastic, rude, and overbearing English House of Commons, than be forced to

watch our words, to trim our sentences, to balance our sentiments, to qualify our assertions, to put on a fictitious enthusiasm, and to applaud with a heavy heart, in order to please that most detestable and capricious of tyrants, an ignorant, hot-headed, and *idle* multitude.

But there is another council to which we look as now sharing with the French Assembly their power over the destinies of Europe. It is a little assembly, secret in its debates, slow in its decisions, and calm in all its proceedings. On the council of ministers that now rules in Vienna depends the question of peace or war for hundreds of millions. The golden opportunity is in their hands; the unlooked-for hour is before them. The house of Hapsburg needs but a step or two, to rise far higher than before the shock of these revolutions shook its throne and its cumbrous empire. One prudent, self-denying treaty, and one decisive and courageous diplomatic move, will combine to place Austria first of all the monarchies of the continent, and far above every monarchy, save that of England, in security and stability. See what now lies before her in Italy and in Germany. In Italy she sees her Lombard and Venetian dominions torn with insurrection, her fairest cities wrested from her grasp, and a population which abhors her sway with as bitter a hatred as ever burnt in southern soul. Yet those territories are divided among themselves. Lombardy is one kingdom, and Venice is another; and they never have been one kingdom. One is now a Republic, the other is ruled by a provisional government, and protected (!) by the great Charles-Albert, King of Sardinia. In both of these territories the Austrian arms are on the advance. Driven from the populous cities, they have possession of the strong forts; forced from the plains, they are fain to be content with the important passes. Yet they lose nothing but time; and every hour *they* lose, is the loss of a day to the allied Italian troops. In a word, Austria has sufficient strength in Italy to defy half-a-dozen Charles-Alberts, and laugh the talking volunteers to scorn.

In Germany itself, how stand her affairs? They are actually about to reconstitute the old German empire, and the kingdoms want an Emperor. Will they have the temporising, manœuvring King of Prussia for an Emperor? Never! Will young Maximilian of Bavaria claim the imperial crown, on the strength of his father's statues, and pictures, and poetry about Fatherland? As well might the King of Hanover put in his suit, on the strength of his being the uncle of Queen Victoria. Have any of the host of smaller monarchs the impudence to ask to be made an Emperor, for the asking? Not even they, we feel confidently sure. Germany can only be made an empire under the house of Hapsburg; and if the house of Hapsburg is counted unworthy, the whole scheme will be given to the winds.

Why, then, does not Austria dare a great and noble deed, even for selfish ends alone? Why is she not content to cast off the Lombards, now that she has shewn her power to resist the first crash of revolutionary fury? Why not swallow the bitter pill, and if the Milanese *like* to be joined to Sardinia, let them? What is Lombardy to Austria, except a flattery to her pride and ancient monarchy? Is it worth what it *must* cost to keep, even if France be stayed from an overwhelming intervention? That Austria will yield *Venice*, indeed, except to force, none can believe. *Venice* is too necessary to the safety of Vienna to be relinquished, except to the iron arm. Yet, is *Venice* as implacable as *Milan*? Would Austrian rule be as abhorrent as it

now is on the Rialto, could Austria summon courage to give her a free, honest, practical constitution, saving the Emperor's rights as a sovereign alone? Is even such a thing as an *hereditary doge* an impossibility?

With such an example of Austrian moderation, and her new constitutional tendencies, united with her domestic reforms, would her claim to the revived empire around her be offensive to the rest of Germany? We cannot believe it. Surely, in the dearth of better men, the Emperor of Austria would once more place upon his brows the imperial circlet, and be hailed the hereditary chief of the vast Germanic Confederation.

For some such event alone can we dare to hope for a counterpoise to the maddening elements of destruction, which ages of despotism have prepared for the social fabric of Europe. To Germany, and Germany alone, we must look for the continental check upon French military fanaticism. The chivalrous Gaul will smite in vain against the stubborn mass of *united* Germans. The gleaming sword will turn off bloodless from the heavy leather jerkin of that most laborious and most philosophical race of all mankind. May we speedily, then, behold an empire of freemen erected in the centre of Europe; not an empire under a Russian czar or a Corsican conqueror, but a vast, populous, industrious, energetic, and peaceful population, speaking one language, animated by one common patriotism, and united under one imperial chief, without the destruction of the independence of the pettiest duchy, that now serves no other purpose than to supply destitute queens with husbands. With such a *heart* to Europe, we may, perhaps, live out the storms of the nineteenth century, and bequeath peace, as our choicest social gift, to our children and our children's children.

Scenes in London.

NO. III.

THE MIGRATION.

[Continued from p. 6.]

5. Love and Selfishness.

AFTER two or three minutes' painful suspense, Mary Barlow was on the point of hastening down the dark stairs to relieve her agitation, and meet the danger she feared was at hand, when the heavy unmeasured steps of two or three men ascending slowly, paralysed her for the moment, and she had not strength even to throw open the door to receive them. She had hardly roused herself to rise, when the door was opened, and three men entered bearing the form of her mother, either dead or seriously injured, her head and shoulders supported by young Smithson. A moment or two was enough to tell the tale. She had been knocked down violently by a cart as she was crossing the street, and the cries they had heard had been her screams of pain as she was lifted from the ground, and supported by the somewhat rough hands of the chance passers-by. She had now fainted, either with exhaustion, or through some excruciating pain. A crowd of people followed them up stairs, and among the rest a surgeon of the neighbourhood, who at once took upon him to turn the mob out of the room, with the exception of a couple of the most decent-looking women.

When the poor creature was laid upon the bed, it soon appeared that one of her legs was broken, and she had suffered a severe contusion of the head besides. Whatever the skill of her doctor and the devotion of her daughter could do, was accomplished as speedily as possible, though few people know how doubly afflicting is such a scene in the homes of the poor, where there is not one of those thousand little comforts and appliances which soothe the sick bed of the rich, and where literally *nothing* is at hand to serve a surgeon's purpose in a case of pressing emergency. What could be done for Mrs. Barlow was, however, accomplished as speedily

as necessity permitted, and in a couple of hours' time she was lying in a doze as near to healthy slumber as is possible for one who had just suffered so serious an injury.

A low knock at the door at that time announced a stranger. No one replied, and it was repeated a trifle louder. No answer being heard, the stranger walked in. It was Henry Smithson, come to learn tidings of the sufferer, and to see how her daughter fared. Mary was on her knees, near her mother's side, in that silent prayer, in which not even the lips move, and the thoughts scarcely shape themselves into unspoken words. Her heart was resting upon the invisible Arm, and adoring the Hand which had laid on her this new affliction. She was so absorbed in the fulness of her devotion, that she neither heard the knock, nor moved when the young man entered. For a while he stood silent and watched her. Even his selfish soul was moved to veneration. Unconscious himself of aught that approached to a religious sentiment, yet he was still young enough to retain that natural reverence for the piety of others, which exists at times even in the minds of those who themselves are in other respects destitute even of a religious thought. Just now, too, his mind was really a little softened by what had passed. His impetuous violence had yielded at the sight of the misfortune of the poor old woman, and as far as such a man could do it, he had forgotten to think of himself and his private wishes. He now continued for a while watching the kneeling figure before him; wondering, admiring, and almost venerating her.

At length Mary rose, and scarcely starting to see her visitor, gave him her hand with unsuspecting affectionateness, and whispered to him to be seated. For a while all they said was respecting Mrs. Barlow's accident and the doctor's opinion, till Mary's kind and open-hearted manner dispelled the young man's newborn modesty, and he began to think it a good opportunity for pressing his suit once more. Intensely selfish, he was about to presume on the little service he had just rendered Mary's mother, to distress her heart with his importunities, when a heavy sigh from the slumbering patient called Mary to her side, and Smithson was compelled to take an unwilling leave. Grateful as she felt for what he had done, and sensible of the forbearance and kindness of his manner during this last conversation, yet she could not help feeling some little relieved when the door was closed, and he was gone. Bitterly, however, did she reproach herself for this change in her feelings, slight as it was; all the blame she laid upon herself; she could not see that it was the natural revulsion of heart that followed upon a manifestation of her lover's character, at variance with all the ideas she had been wont to cherish of his worth and good intentions. When her mother again slept, Mary wept herself into a restless slumber.

What followed during the next fortnight may be passed over rapidly. The patient mended as fast as could be expected, but of course was still very far from recovery. Her daughter's watching and toils had produced a sensible diminution in her small stock of strength and health, while the addition of increasing distress from Henry Smithson's unfeeling reproaches, rendered every outward trouble more keenly poignant. But for the fountain of peace and self-sacrifice which ever flowed within the secret recesses of her mind, poor Mary would have sunk in prostration before the first two weeks of her mother's illness had elapsed. Her suitor's newly-found forbearance gradually melted away, as Mrs. Barlow seemed to be more likely to recover, and as Mary's steadfast resistance to his wishes for their marriage irritated and chafed his proud and heartless spirit.

Thus they stood to one another, when the tidings of the immediate demolition of — Street, and its surrounding courts and alleys, came upon the sick chamber like a thunder-clap. The impending ejection had been utterly forgotten by the devoted girl in her anxious watchings by her mother's side, and in the unwearying assiduity with which she had plied her needle to save them from destitution. Smithson, too, had never heard the exact period when the clearance was to commence, as he was generally away from the neighbourhood all

through the day, and, in his eagerness to win Mary's consent, was rarely to be found in the public-houses and other places where the discontent and anger of the inhabitants of the locality was vented and fostered every night that passed.

One morning about nine o'clock, the mandate of the authorities brought the first relay of bricklayers and other builders' men to commence the work upon a narrow passage at the other end of the street, and hastened the speed of the collectors of rent, who, either on their own account, or as agents, began to enforce payment from the miserable tenants of the wretched abodes. Then came sorrow in all its bitterness. Then one execution after another consigned to the hammer of the petty auctioneer the dilapidated furniture, the filthy bedding, the broken-down chairs and tables, the cracked and broken crockery, the few well-worn saucepans and kettles, which formed the household goods of the various inhabitants. Then the coffee-house, the public-house, the low billiard-room, and other dens too infamous for detail, were cleared, with the aid of a detachment of police; and, almost with blows and personal violence, men, women, and children, with every various form of vice, sickness, desperation, and destitution, were cast forth upon the wide world of London. For one entire week the clearing continued; and during the whole time policemen remained upon the spot.

6. The Departure.

At length the day was fixed for the ejection of the inhabitants of the house where the Barlows lodged. The full measure of suffering seemed prepared for the heads of the two poor creatures, mother and child. Mrs. Barlow could only be removed, even with all the aid which riches could have given, at an imminent risk; they were behind-hand with their rent, and had nothing to pay it; and Mary was almost broken down with anxiety, watching, and resistance to her lover's mingled prayers and reproaches. He had continued his remonstrances and entreaties, till they had become an absolute persecution and torment; while at the same time the knowledge that she would have a protector in her increasing troubles, and that for a while at least her mother might find a quiet home, rent her soul with anguish, as she strove to put down these temptations to throw herself upon a man whose true character appeared more worthless every day that went by.

On the day when they were to be driven from their lodgings, at an early hour she persuaded an acquaintance to wait upon her mother for half an hour, while she paid a hurried visit to the Smithsons' house, in the hope of inducing them to persuade the young man to cease his harsh importunities, and to obtain some little advice as to what she ought to do with herself and her mother. She found Mrs. Smithson in her usual state, sitting stupidly over the dying embers of the fire, by which the family breakfast had been prepared, with Emma bustling to and fro, rating her mother roundly for giving her no aid, and manifestly in no very benevolent mood of temper. Mary felt in a moment that she had come on a fruitless errand.

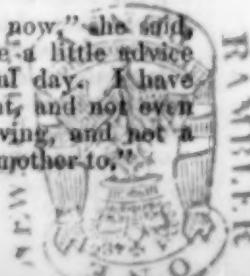
"Well," said Emma Smithson, "so you won't marry our Henry?"

"I cannot marry him just now, Emma," said she, meekly. "What could I do with my mother? As it is, I am afraid this moving will almost kill her; and I know Henry doesn't like her, and I should never be happy."

"Nonsense," cried the other; "it's all pride and humour. You don't care for Henry, or you think yourself too good for him; or perhaps there's somebody else you're taking to now, instead of him that's done so much to help you."

The hot tears started to poor Mary's eyes; but the sense of injustice that smote her heart quickened her energies, and she rapidly felt increasing strength to bear the taunts of the other.

"Don't let us dispute about it just now," she said, in gentle tones; "but, pray, give me a little advice about what we are to do this dreadful day. I have only just enough to pay our week's rent, and not even a shilling to pay the expenses of moving, and not a friend's house in the world to take my mother to."



"Then take her to Henry's house," was Emma's sharp retort.

"I cannot; I cannot, Emma; I dare not. I know he cannot bear my mother; it would kill her at once to think of it."

"Nonsense," sharply replied Emma; "your mother's an old fool, if she won't do what's for her own interest; and you're worse. We cannot help you—I tell you at once; and the sooner you get to your own affairs the better."

With a deep and bitter sigh, and with tears, now unrestrained, coursing in streams down her cheeks, the poor girl rose and walked away. She found her landlord waiting for his week's rent. He was an unfeeling man, though only made so through that perpetual intercourse with misery and poverty, which, if it does not soften the heart, assuredly hardens it. He returned her no portion of her hardly-earned pittance, when her last farthing was placed in his hands; and Mary sat down bewildered, every hour expecting the summons to leave, without money to pay for the removal, without a friend to counsel her, and aid in removing her sick and helpless parent.

At length, the foreman of the bricklayers walked into the room.

"What! not gone?" cried he; "and a woman in bed there still? Why, my good girl, don't you know the roof of this house is to be half off before night?"

"Oh, sir," cried Mary, "have pity on us, if you can, and stay another day; my mother had an accident some weeks ago, and I have not one shilling left to move us, nor a friend in the world to go to."

"Why, have not you any neighbours hereabout to give a poor girl a word and a helping hand for old acquaintance sake?"

"They are all too busy and too poor to help us, sir," said she.

"Well, and that's too true," said the man, a good-hearted, open-countenanced, and respectable person, who once had known so much suffering himself, that he had learnt to distinguish between what was real and what was assumed in others.

"Come, come," said he, "look a little alive, and we'll see what can be done to help you. Here's my cart and horses coming down here at 12 o'clock, to carry away some of the old wood-work; and if you'll get all ready by that time, I'll try whether I can't put off the moving the wood till to-morrow, and give you and your chairs and tables a lift. But where are you going to?"

"We don't know where to go to," replied Mary: "I know nothing of London, except just hereabouts, where I was born and bred, and where I get employment; and they tell me it's hard to get a place to lay one's head in, even if we had the money to pay for it."

"Why, this will never do," said the foreman, looking keenly at Mary's young and innocent face, and knowing only too well the frightful temptations that beset an inexperienced girl, in any search she might make in an unknown neighbourhood. The honest-hearted man thought of his own children, and really trembling for Mary's possible fate, gave her the best of possible consolations in a promise that his wife would see her safely lodged, at any rate for a week or two, and help her to look about for some employment.

"I'm afraid you'll be obliged to give up all your present work," said he, "for we live out by Greenwich, and if you settle there, you'll never be able to walk backwards and forwards to the people that you now work for. But come now, stir yourself briskly, in an hour or two the cart will be here, and the men shall carry your mother down, and lay her on the bed in the cart; and as you don't seem to have too much furniture, I dare say you'll find room for it all in one load; and you must manage to stow yourself as well as you can."

An hour or two did indeed give ample time for the preparation of those poor creatures' worldly goods. A very few clothes, a few articles of furniture, and a few dilapidated pieces of hardware and earthenware, formed the entire substance of Mrs. Barlow and her daughter; and when again the foreman entered the room, the sick woman was prepared and resigned to her journey. The

last fragments of bread and a little tea were all she had to support her under the fatigue; and as for poor Mary herself, she had not tasted food that day.

Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she lent her aid in softening the rough, kind readiness of the Irish bricklayers, who were summoned to carry her mother down stairs; and in a little while, the little furniture was all stowed away in the cart, her mother lying in the midst. Mary, with trembling limbs, crouched in one corner, near her mother's head, and the party moved away. She turned her eyes upwards towards the upper stories of the old desolate and deserted house, and felt at once the full force of her destitution. We, who read such tales of the poor man's afflictions, can hardly comprehend how the affections can linger around those abodes of poverty, where every thing is forbidding and repulsive to *our* tastes. The hearts of the sensitive and affectionate look back with a mournful tenderness to the quiet homes where they first knew life, unclouded by its stern realities; the imagination still sees the pleasant chamber, the garden nook, the shady branches, where the days of childhood and youth flew by uncounted, and invests them with a beauty more captivating than we can perceive in the most perfect of all that art and nature have displayed to our maturer eyes. But we can hardly understand how the heart of poverty can entwine itself around the squalid objects contained in a miserable lodging, into which nothing but the call of duty could induce the refined visitor to enter, even for a moment.

Yet the eyes of Mary Barlow streamed afresh, as the scene, where she had enjoyed and suffered so much, passed away from her sight, and she heard the blows of the axes and hammers already commencing the work of demolition. A thousand little remembrances crowded fast upon her memory, all dear to her, though almost all more or less painful and affecting. For a while she struggled with her emotions, till they fairly mastered her, and she buried her face between her hands, and sobbed aloud. Her mother lay almost unconscious in the vehicle as it rolled joltingly along, so much exhausted with the exertions she had made as to be scarcely sensible of the pains that shot through her frame. The driver of the cart was too busy with his horse, and with the pedestrians and conveyances he encountered on the road, to be able to notice Mary's sorrows; and they had gone some good way on their journey before she had recovered any tolerable degree of calmness, and could contemplate her future destiny. When a little recovered, and when she had done her utmost to soothe her mother's pains, she betook herself to mental prayer, and so occupied herself in forgetfulness of all about her, till the cart stopped at the place of its destination. The repose of her countenance bespoke the consolation that had found its way into her bosom. Pale, weary-looking, and disfigured with weeping, it yet shone with that subdued, yet living light, which told that her heart had been uniting itself in submission and adoration to that Almighty will, in the contemplation of whose power and whose mercifulness she had repeatedly experienced a singular delight.

7. *The Return of Trouble.*

And well it was for poor Mary that the past hour had been occupied in gathering strength for coming troubles. When the conveyance stood still, she roused herself with a feeling of something like cheerfulness to attend to her mother, and to occupy herself in any way that Mrs. Gardner—for so the foreman's wife was called—should suggest. But a sudden alarm struck upon her heart, when she saw what was plainly an unusual bustle going forward at the door of the house. A maid of all work, with cap half off her head, rushed rather than walked down the door-steps, and, heedless of the arrival of the cart, ran down the street at her utmost speed. At the same time, two or three persons, with anxiety painted on their features, hurriedly hastened into the house, leaving the door still open. The driver of the cart took the alarm; and paying no heed to Mary, hastened into the house to ask what was going on. Mary, of course, could not leave her mother, nor even get down without help. Just at the moment two omnibuses drove rapidly up the road, racing one against the

other, the drivers and conductors shouting aloud, and abusing one another in violent language. At the instant that they were about to pass by the cart, in which Mary sat trembling and watching their advance, a gig, coming quickly in the opposite direction, forced them both to turn a trifle out of a direct line, and the omnibus nearest to the cart caught the axle of its wheel; and before Mary could even cry aloud in her terror, the whole was overturned, and the two poor creatures, with their household goods, lay prostrate on the pavement.

A crowd was around them in a moment, and the women were raised from the ground. Neither had suffered any thing more than a severe contusion; but the shock had so violently shaken the surgical apparatus with which Mrs. Barlow's broken limb was guarded, that the original fracture was now worse than before. At once all Mary's firmness and energy of character returned, and, entreating the standers-by to support her mother for a minute or two, she hastened into Mr. Gardner's house, and prepared to give to its mistress the little note which had been given to her by her kind friend as an introduction to his wife. That note, to her dismay, she found was now useless. Mrs. Gardner had been seized with some kind of sudden and grievous illness; the house was in confusion; the surgeon who had been sent for was from home; the maid-servant had but just been despatched to seek for some other doctor; and two or three of Mrs. Gardner's acquaintances were filling the place with foolish lamentations and expressions of wonder.

No one, of course, could pay heed to an ill-dressed, poor, strange girl; and after a vain attempt to get advice from some one in the house, she returned to the street without a friend. Her mother seemed scarcely alive, and moaned fearfully with pain; and Mary felt almost as if the policeman, who offered to have them taken to the nearest hospital, was a father to a deserted child. Not knowing what other course to adopt, she was only too thankful to accept the offer, and, in a few minutes, she was walking by the side of four men, who were carrying the sick and fainting woman on a board. Little thinking at the moment of the dishonesty of the world of London and its suburbs, she took no heed of the fallen furniture; and had she been asked what she expected to become of it, would probably have replied, that she had no doubt that the man who had brought it would take care of it till she could return and claim it of him. Such hopes, of course, were vain. The man had dashed out of the house when the crash of the falling cart broke upon his ears as he stood looking about in the passage of Mrs. Gardner's house; and, far from troubling himself about the Barlows' possessions, all he cared for was the damage done to the vehicle he had in charge, and all he thought of was how to frame the best excuse to his master for leaving it in the street unattended to. As to the scattered chairs and tables, and all the rest of Mrs. Barlow's humble household goods, those which were not hopelessly fractured became the prey of passing rogues, long before Mary could return and claim her property. As they lay broken and damaged on the pavement, with nobody to own or protect them, it was little to be supposed that the honesty of the neighbourhood would be sufficient to guard them from plunderers; and if Mary had returned some two or three hours after the disaster, she would have found nothing but a few pieces of smashed crockery to shew even the spot where the mischief had befallen her.

Little, however, could she in reality trouble the predators, and seek restitution from them. She walked with the party who bore her mother to — Hospital, followed them to the ward where the injured woman was examined by the surgeon in attendance, neither thinking of herself nor particularly noticed by the people about her, except that every body availed himself as far as possible of her eager services. What must have been foreseen, rapidly took place. The shock had shaken to its foundations the decaying remains of Mrs. Barlow's strength. Fever rapidly supervened, and, before the afternoon was over, the poor woman had gone through all the stages of exhaustion and dissolution. She was a corpse before the sun went down that miserable day.

Mary bore up vigorously and silently through it

all; so much so that she attracted little notice, especially as the evident respectability of her appearance, even through the poverty of her garments, induced no suspicion of the utter destitution into which she was now thrown. No one that watched her rapid and intelligent movements, as she gave her aid in every little thing that was done to soothe her mother's parting hours, formed a conception of her real circumstances, or dreamed that all through the day she had tasted nothing. And when the last mournful arrangements were completed, and the hospital regulations required her to leave the place for the night, she walked out into the street, without betraying, even by a word, the dismay that was settling upon her spirits, or the dizziness that was gathering upon her brain. Scarcely knowing what she did, she left the hospital, and took what she conceived to be the direction of the spot where the accident had taken place, and where Mrs. Gardner lived, of whose illness she herself knew nothing. She turned, however, the wrong way; and even if she had started aright, would probably never have reached the spot she sought, in the darkness of the evening, and with her ignorance of the neighbourhood.

Yet she wandered on. By and by, the confusion in her head grew worse and more oppressing. She had not shed a tear at her mother's bed-side, and even now was hardly conscious of all that had passed. Mental anguish and want of nourishment conspired to produce that terrible state of torpor in which both body and mind seem almost insensible to suffering. A thought struck her that she would buy a small loaf, and, approaching a baker's shop, she mechanically put her hand in her pocket to prepare the money for payment. As mechanically she withdrew it, when she felt there was no money to draw forth, and quietly walked on. She stopped at a decent-looking house, which she fancied, in her dreamy state of intelligence, to be Mrs. Gardner's, and gave a faint pull at the bell. No one noticing it, it did not occur to her to pull again more energetically, and she pursued her course without even a sigh of disappointment. Passing by a public house, she listened, without thinking what she was doing, to the noise of some revellers within, and was gazing so vacantly in through the opened door, that she attracted the notice of two or three half-tipsy mechanics, who strolled out swaggeringly into the street. After an insulting word or two, they walked on, saying the girl was mad; and again she moved forwards.

By this time her head was growing fairly dizzy, and half an hour more of exertion would have turned her brain. After a few steps farther, she met a party of young men, who instantly began insulting her with offensive language, and struck such horror into her heart, that for a while she regained the full possession of her faculties, at least so far as to make her conscious of her perilous situation; and, with a cry of fear, she rushed past them, and ran rapidly along the street. With an insolent shout of laughter, and a few infamous expressions, her tormentors pursued their own way, while she hurried on without noticing that they were not following her.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Reviews.

Twelve Years' Wanderings in the British Colonies, from 1835 to 1847. By J. C. Byrne. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Bentley.

NOT every one who has been abroad and writes a book on his return produces a work of the value and interest of these volumes. Whether we regard them merely as the result of accurate personal observations on perhaps the finest countries in the world, their past and present inhabitants, their produce, capabilities, and resources; or whether we consider them as containing many sound and safe suggestions on their local and home government, their advantages as places of emigration, and their future prospects,—we are justified in saying that Mr. Byrne has conferred a great and important benefit on the British public by the information he has afforded on all these topics, at a time when many eyes are anxiously turned to the Colonies as a last hope of effec-

tually relieving the mother-land from the fearful burden of wretchedness under which it groans. Straightforward, manly, and sensible in his narrative, Mr. Byrne points out with boldness and perspicuity the causes of former disasters, and their remedies. He freely blames the Government and their officials where he believes that they have acted wrongly or indiscreetly; he describes horrors which loudly call for immediate and efficient measures for their alleviation; and he confirms his statements in all cases by statistical tables and parliamentary returns, which prove him to be thoroughly conversant with his subject.

We regret that we are so limited in space for our notice of a work which possesses these claims on the attention of all, and that we can do little more than extract a few brief passages in the hope that the work itself will be perused throughout.

The introductory and concluding remarks on the important subject of emigration are thoroughly practical, and the more valuable from the personal experience of the author in all the details which he gives either in the way of precaution, advice, or encouragement to speculators.

"The writer, having spent twelve years in traversing the greater part of the globe, feels himself particularly qualified to lay before the public many facts connected with the colonies and the other seats of emigration, and much general information, which cannot fail of being of material assistance to all who think of trying their fortune, and casting their lot in other and distant lands. To the labouring classes generally, emigration *must* prove a blessing; but to many others, disappointment and regret may be the result, if care and prudence, combined with information, do not guide them in their resolve. But in most colonies, or new countries, the man who goes out with a determination to 'look well,' on arrival, 'before he leaps,' to be well informed before he engages in any thing; and when he has adopted a course, to follow it out with perseverance and industry, prepared for rough or smooth, as they may turn up; that man must eventually succeed, and improve his condition by the change. Home ideas, however, must at once on arrival in a colony be thrown aside, and the immigrant be prepared to fall into the ways of those amongst whom he has settled, perhaps for life. But if care be necessary in deciding on a place to emigrate to, still more is it requisite to guard the immigrant, on arrival in his adopted land, from the machinations and designs of the unprincipled."

Mr. Byrne gives some examples of villany and fraud on the part of American agents in the sale of land and stock, which forcibly recall to mind the adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit in his boggy paradise of "Eden." All that he says on this subject is so sensible, that it would be a great boon to thousands could they be made acquainted with it before it is too late to do any thing but repent.

The parties and professions which Mr. Byrne considers the least likely to be benefited by emigration are, military and naval men, from among whom "it is a question if a dozen instances of considerable success, as settlers, can be adduced;" young medical men, merchants' clerks (who can seldom realise the pay of a common artisan); and certain tradesmen, such as painters, plasterers, glaziers, upholsterers, cutlers, &c., whose craft is little wanted, except where large communities have been already formed. As for the price of labour, it is so variable, in proportion to the supply of hands, that from a guinea to a shilling per diem is the price paid to carpenters and other artisans, while shepherds and common labourers can earn 25*l.* and 30*l.* a year, besides food and lodging.

"It should be always kept in view by those intending to emigrate, that on bidding adieu to the shores of Britain they must leave behind them, for years to come, those comforts and luxuries they may have been accustomed to. Privation, as far as regards 'comforts,' must be submitted to by all, even the wealthiest emigrants: money cannot procure what they have left behind in emigration. On the other hand, with industry, the fee-simple of the soil on which they live may be theirs; and all the *necessaries* of life are to be had immeasurably cheaper than at home in *any colony* or general seat of immigration; no poor-house stares the decayed person in the face; plentiful food can in most colonies always be obtained for labour."

One great drawback to successful emigration is the risk and uncertainty, which render it rather a stake to be hazarded than a matter of prudent calculation before-

land. And this results in great measure from "the total want of *system* in emigration as carried out at present; and without well-matured plans, no extensive scale of national or private emigration can ever be successful." The great difficulty of procuring accurate, ample, and trustworthy information, with respect to any stated place (the local press being in the hands of interested parties, and never to be relied upon), enhances the danger of disappointment.

"There are in all newly-settled countries many who live by the ignorance and credulity of the immigrant; but it is not alone such persons who take advantage of that want of knowledge. The land-owner, the land-agent, the stock-owner, the employer of the labourer, are all too ready to take advantage of new arrivals; every thing is represented by them to suit the interests of the *informant*. • • •

"In many parts of Canada and the United States it would be well for emigrants to apply for information, either regarding land or labour, to societies existing on the spot, whose object is to protect and guide the new comer. Where the agents of these societies are to be found is easily learned through the publicity that is attached to them. No charge for information is made, but the applicant is informed, with civility, of the description of land in certain districts, and its average price; he is instructed in the best mode of making purchases, and is directed where his labour or trade, as the case may be, is likely to meet the best market. All this is peculiarly advantageous to the emigrant, as no guide-book could furnish particulars that are necessarily altering every few months."

The fullest particulars are given respecting the kinds of money (British sovereigns or Bank of England notes are recommended before all others), the selection of emigrant ships, and the rules necessary for ensuring comfortable accommodation in them; choice of climate (in which respect Australia is preferable to any other of the Colonies); and the best course to be pursued on arriving at the end of the voyage. All this is peculiarly useful at the present time, when the increased population, competition, and consequent distress, are driving thousands yearly to seek their fortunes in foreign climes. The general advantages of emigration are thus summed up:

"Emigration does, indeed, present a great and beneficial resource to hundreds of thousands, who, on account of limited means, or excessive competition, can but struggle on at home from year to year, without a chance of improving their condition or that of their children; although, as already stated, there are many who had better remain at home. But, as a general rule, an energetic, persevering, industrious, healthy man, with or without capital, can improve his condition and the prospects of his family by emigrating."

These are not false inducements held out by Government agents, but the impartial opinions of a qualified witness. As such, we recommend them to the perusal of all who, whether as landlords or clergy, masters or capitalists, are interested in the consignment of Irish paupers or English artisans and labourers to the Colonies. We are convinced that much suffering on the voyage thither, as well as much inconvenience, loss, and disappointment on arrival, might be averted by proper knowledge being conveyed *before-hand* to the adventurers.

New Zealand, the colony which lies furthest from British soil (and which became British property by a process very much like a fraudulent negotiation), consists of three islands, possessing a delightful climate, like that of the south of England in spring and summer, perfectly pure air, exceedingly fine and abundant timber, mineral, coal, and almost every natural advantage combined under the most favourable circumstances for colonisation. Of the natives the author thus writes:

"On the face of the globe there does not exist, in a natural state, a finer specimen of the human race than the New Zealander. Formed in nature's finest mould, joining great height to immense muscular power and agility—erect as an arrow—no finer model for the sculptor could be obtained. Their colour is brown, not much darker than the Spaniards; the females are fairer than the men, but equally well formed. Hospitable, generous, brave, and warlike, the character of these islanders has suffered only in consequence of their being addicted to—"

What does the reader suppose? *Cannibalism!* That singular, unnatural, and most revolting propensity, which has ever, as far as history extends, characterised

barbarous and savage tribes,* though, strange to say, it is not incompatible, as the present example shews, with high moral qualities. However, it appears only to have been practised on the bodies of those killed in battle, and at the present time, by intercourse with the whites, to be almost, if not wholly, extinct. With this exception, the natives appear to be a noble race, and we sympathise in the wish of the writer that they may not be annihilated by the unjust aggressions of an alien people.

"On the whole, the race of New Zealanders are much to be admired; and it is, indeed, to be hoped that they may be preserved, and not exterminated, as has been the case with the aborigines in too many of the Crown colonies."

In this, as in other savage nations, the intrigues of various religious teachers have caused a melancholy deterioration in the naturally honourable, frank, and well-disposed natives. Endowed with intellectual faculties of the highest kind, they have become shrewd in deceit and remarkable for their cupidity in making and even resisting bargains for land.

The entire interior, with very few exceptions, is covered with forests absolutely unexplored and impenetrable, so that the available settlements are on the coast or the banks of navigable rivers.

"An extensive knowledge of the country enables the writer to state, that at present not one-fiftieth part of the land of New Zealand would repay cultivation; and that not one-hundredth part is available for that purpose, without such an expenditure as would, in most instances, cost as much to clear it as the fee-simple in England could be purchased for."

The seas around New Zealand are full of whales, and a vast trade is carried on in them by the English, French, and Americans. The English are in this respect very far behind the French in enterprise; while the number of the American vessels greatly surpasses that of both the others combined, amounting as it does to more than twelve hundred sail, employed by the United States. Great Britain has ruined its own interests by imposing vexatious duties on the ports, which have in consequence become deserted.

"If attention were drawn to the advantageous position of New Zealand as a place whence capitalists might fit out whalers, and endeavour to recover some portion of that valuable trade, which seems annually more and more to be passing into the hands of the Americans, those islands might become of some service to Great Britain, and not remain an incubus on it, as at present, at an annual expense of thirty-five thousand pounds, exclusive of the troops it is necessary to retain there."

With all her greatness, the colonial policy of Great Britain is but too often open to charges of neglect and mismanagement. Whether her possessions be not too bulky for her effective grasp, is a question which deserves consideration. Some severe strictures on the injustice done to settlers by the Government, under the management of Sir George Gipps, are detailed in pp. 70-79, and elsewhere; *exposures*, we should rather call them, of a course of dishonourable truckling, blunders, and unfair interference with private enterprise, such as we should hope has but seldom occurred in other countries. The consequences are thus described:

"Thousands are now condemned to drag out a weary, hopeless life on the shores of New Zealand, with their prospects, and those of their families, effectually blighted; and with not even the means to quit the scene of their disasters, which they would willingly do, leaving their land, which they paid so dearly for, behind them. Tears, it may be truly said, of blood, have been shed to atone for the folly of a rule placed over that unhappy land by the Crown; and life itself has but too often passed away in the struggle against blighted hopes, ruined prospects, misery, and want. Suicide also has aided not a few to escape from those miseries drawn on their shoulders by the errors and follies of others."

The following is too important to be omitted:

"After a careful consideration of the resources of New Zealand, the writer is of opinion that for years to come it cannot be either an extensively settled or extremely prosperous country. Its situation, as commanding the trade of the South Seas, is its greatest recommendation; but that for long years must principally be confined to whaling. It cannot become from its position any great *entrepôt* for goods, because the countries in those seas will not be sufficiently settled for ages to require such a market."

* Homer, Od. x. 116, ix. 288, &c. Herodotus, iv. 106.

On the whole, Mr. Byrne dissuades emigrants from trying their fortune in New Zealand, which "at present exhibits advantages almost for no one." He recommends for that colony a state of temporary rest, that those already there may have some chance, under the fostering care of a more judicious Government, of repairing their ruined fortunes.

In respect of Government measures, New South Wales has been far more fortunate than New Zealand. Mr. Byrne gives a most interesting account, with copious statistics, of this extensive penal settlement. One of the chief drawbacks to its advancement consists in the excess of males over females, being now about three to two: a disparity which is the cause of the most frightful immorality, and a state of society which Mr. Byrne calls "appalling."

In respect of stock, New South Wales is a highly favourable climate, producing perhaps the finest wool in the world. Sixty years ago, not a single head of sheep or cattle existed there. At present there are eight millions of sheep and a million and a half of cattle, besides horses and pigs. The race of horses is not to be surpassed in the world for symmetry and endurance. Of the latter quality, the writer adduces some truly astonishing instances which have come under his own knowledge.

With the most beautiful gifts of nature, in the produce of the finest fruits, the loveliest flowers, and a beautiful climate, "the enormity and diversity of crime of every description, from petty larceny up to murder, daily investigated at the police-office, is perhaps unequalled."

Drunkenness prevails with both sexes to an incredible extent:

"The world may be travelled over, but in none of its towns or cities would there be found the same proportion of public-houses and dram-shops as there is to be seen in Sydney. You cannot traverse the streets in any direction for fifty yards without meeting with one."

Persons of all ranks and ages drink from morning to night—the lower classes, hot fiery rum, and sometimes champagne, at 12s. 6d. a bottle, in imitation of their superiors!

The vicinity of Hunter's River is among the finest parts of New South Wales. Here pigs are fed on peaches; the orange, lemon, grapes, and tobacco, cotton, and even vineyards thrive. Mr. Byrne's description of it (with which we must for the present conclude) is certainly tempting to those who are disposed to try an emigrant life:

"Along the banks of the Hunter and its numerous tributaries there is room for tens of thousands of immigrants, who would soon develop the bounteous resources a beneficent Providence has bestowed on that district. But to effect the settlement here of a class of small farmers or yeomen it is indispensable that the proprietors should unite to promote it, and dispose of their lands at a reasonable rate. There are some settlers who here own the soil along the banks of rivers for twenty or thirty miles on a stretch; and of the entire vast extent perhaps not one hundred acres are cultivated, but remain in a state of nature: rich alluvial soils ready for the plough, and in most places without the expense or labour of clearing. These proprietors have almost without exception acquired these lands by free grant, without the payment of a shilling more than a mere nominal quit-rent. Such grants were bestowed previous to the introduction of land-sales into New South Wales, which latter system was established during Lord Ripon's administration at the Colonial Office in 1832.

"If these rich and fertile soils were divided into lots of forty and fifty acres, and disposed of on easy terms and long credit to able-bodied pauper-labourers, imported from Great Britain and Ireland, what wealth and happiness would thereby be created! What a market would by degrees be opened for British manufactures! and how much would it not also advance the interests of the present proprietors!"

Surely the above extract contains hints and suggestions which ought not to be lost sight of.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

[Second notice.]

The Vicar of Wakefield never found a more ardent admirer than in the greatest of the literary men of modern Germany. Few authors have confessed that they owed

so much to any single tale as Goethe said that he owed to Goldsmith's exquisite story. It had been published but four years when Goethe and Herder, two young law-students, met at Strasburg; and when Herder read the story of Dr. Primrose to his friend, from a German translation, a new ideal of literature and of human life filled that wonderful mind; and in his older age, when his own reputation had spread through the world, he never ceased to own how much he had gathered, both morally and intellectually, from the readings at Strasburg in that one year. Of course Goldsmith knew nothing of either of his foreign admirers; and the English critics were far behind these German minds in discerning the charms of the unpretending little tale.

"The book silently forced its way," says Mr. Forster. "No noise was made about it, no trumpets were blown for it. The *St. James's Chronicle* did not condescend to notice its appearance. It was left to the patronage of *Lloyd's Evening Post*, the *London Chronicle*, and papers of that class; which simply informed their readers that a new novel, called the *Vicar of Wakefield*, had been published, that 'the Editor is Doctor Goldsmith, who has affixed his name to an introductory advertisement,' and that such and such were the incidents of the story. Several columns of the *Evening Post* and the *Chronicle*, between the dates of March and April, were filled in this way with bald recital of the plot; and with such extracts as the prison-scene, the account of the Primroses, and the brief episode of Matilda: but in the way of praise or of criticism, not a word was said. Johnson, as I have remarked, took little interest in it at any time, but as the means of getting so much money for its author; and believing that 'Harry Fielden' (as he called him) knew nothing but the shell of life, may be excused for thinking the *Vicar* a 'mere fanciful performance.' It would seem that none of the Club, indeed, excepting Burke, cared much about it: and one may read, in the French letters of the time, how perfectly Madame Riccoboni agrees with her friend Garrick as to the little to be learned from it; and how surprised the lively lady is that the Burkes should have found it pathetic, or be able to approve of its arguments in favour of thieves and outcasts. Admiration, nevertheless, gathered slowly and steadily round it; a second edition appeared on the 5th of June, and a third on the 25th of August; it reached its sixth edition in the year of its writer's death; and he had lived to see it translated into several continental languages, though not to receive from the booksellers the least addition to that original sorry payment, which even Johnson thought 'accidentally' less than it ought to have been. In the very month when the second edition was issued, a bill which he had drawn upon Newbery, for fifteen guineas, was returned dishonoured."

While we are about the *Vicar of Wakefield* we must quote Mr. Forster's account of the poet's manner of writing his most touching of poems. They who knew Goldsmith only in society, and saw the utterly unmethodical, procrastinating, hasty, slovenly character of all he said and did, were probably little aware of the laborious care with which, at times, he toiled to give a perfect finish to his verses.

"Goldsmith's manner of writing the *Deserted Village*, his friend tells us, was this: he first sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then sat down carefully to verify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject; and if sometimes he would exceed his prose design by writing several verses impromptu, these he would take singular pains afterward to revise, lest they should be found unconnected with his main design. Ten lines, from the fifth to the fifteenth, had been his second morning's work; and when Cooke entered his chamber he read them to him aloud."

Goldsmith's mind, indeed, was of that infirm character, that even his virtues took at times the garb of folly, and his follies seemed crimes. A child in impulse, yet with all the sensitiveness of a man, he was one of those whom we feel ourselves compelled to like while most they irritate our severer judgment. Few disliked him, except such spirits as Boswell and Hawkins; and he found his way to the hearts of such as Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. With children, being himself a child, he was ever at home. Miss Hawkins observed a striking difference between Goldsmith's and Garrick's way with children, Garrick's manner having been recorded by Colman the younger. Goldsmith played to please the child, Garrick to please himself; while, says Mr. Forster, not even Foote, with his knowing broad grin, his snuff-begrimed face, and his unvarying salutation of "Blow your nose, child," was half so humorous as

Goldsmith. He would at any time, for the amusement of the nursery, dance a mock minuet, sing a song, or play the flute, and thought little of putting on his best wig the wrong side foremost. Here, on the other hand, are instances of the perversity with which he could caricature a virtue into a folly, and almost destroy its effects by his blundering way of doing well.

"He had joined a card club, at the Devil tavern, near Temple Bar, where very moderate whist was played; and where the members seem to have occupied the intervals of their favourite game with practical jokes upon himself. He gave a guinea instead of a shilling, one night, to the driver of a coach (after dining with Tom Davies); and the following night fictitious coachman presented himself to restore as counterfeit a guinea. It was a trick to prove that not even the honesty of a hackney coachman would be too startling a trial for Goldsmith's credulity; and, as anticipated, the gilded coin was taken with an overflow of simple thanks, and subsequently more solid acknowledgment of the supposed marvellous honesty. Other incidents tell the same tale of unsuspecting odd simplicity. Doctor Sleigh of Cork had asked him to be kind to a young Irish law-student, who had taken chambers near his own; known afterwards as a writer for the newspapers, Foote's biographer, and, from the title of a poem he published, Conversation Cooke; and the latter, invited to apply to him in case of need, was told with earnest regrets one day, in answer to some trifling application, that he was really not at that moment in possession of a guinea. The youth turned away in distrust, but in less distress than Goldsmith; and returning late to his own chambers that night found a difficulty in getting in. Goldsmith had meanwhile himself borrowed the money, and thrust it, wrapped up in paper, half underneath the door. Cooke hurried next day to thank him, and tell him what a mercy it was somebody else had not laid hold of it. 'In truth, my dear fellow,' said Goldsmith, 'I did not think of that.' As little did he trouble himself to think, when a French adventurer went to him towards the close of the year with proposals for a History of England in French, which was not only to be completed in fifteen volumes at the cost of seven guineas and a half, and to be paid for in advance, but to have the effect of bringing into more friendly relation the men of letters of both countries. Goldsmith, though he had been fain but a few days before this, for the humble payment of two guineas, to write Newbery a 'Preface to Wiseman's Grammar,' had no mean notion of the dignity of literature in regard to such proposals as the Frenchman's, and now indulged it at a thoughtless cost. Straightway he gave his name, impoverished himself by giving his last available guinea, and in the Chevalier's advertisements, jostling the names of crowned heads and ambassadors, figured as the 'Author of the *Traveller*.'"

All through his life, however, are scattered incidents which account for the esteem which was certainly the foundation of the regard in which he was held by some of the noblest minds of the English literary world. A mere booby genius would never have been loved as Goldsmith was, by Burke and Johnson. The following is one of these little instances of feelings far above his class, which were mingled with the infirmities and vices of his strange character:

"Parson Scott, Sandwich's chaplain, went about to negotiate for writers; and a great many years afterward, when he was a rich old Doctor of Divinity, related an anecdote which was to illustrate the folly of men who are ignorant of the world, but which also illustrates the subject of these pages, and that picture of the time, literary and social, of which its politics form a necessary part. He had gone to Goldsmith, among others, to induce him to write in favour of the administration. 'I found him,' he said, 'in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him,' added the Reverend Doctor indignantly, 'in his garret.'"

Mr. Forster makes a somewhat elaborate, yet not unsuccessful apology for one of the poet's most palpable failings, his occasional outbursts of envious jealousy of his literary rivals, and his personal vanity.

"No one who thus examines the whole case can doubt, I think, that Goldsmith had never cause to be really content with his position among the men of his time, or with the portion of celebrity at any period during his life assigned to him. All men can patronise the useful, since it so well caters for itself; but as many as there are to need the beautiful, there are few to set it forth, and fewer still to encourage it; and even the booksellers who crowded round the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Traveller*, came to talk but of booksellers'

drudgery and catchpenny compilations. Is it strange that as such a man stood amid the Boswells, Beatties, Bickerstaffes, Murphys, Grahams, Hawkinses, and men of that secondary class, unconscious comparative criticism should have risen in his mind, and taken the form of a very innocent vanity? It is a harsh word, yet often stands for a harmless thing. May it not even be forgiven him if, in galling moments of slighting disregard, he made occasional silent comparison of *Rasselas* with the *Vicar*, of the *Rambler* with the *Citizen of the World*, of *London* with the *Traveller*? 'Doctor, I should be glad to see you at Eton,' said one of the Eton masters, and author of an indifferent *Masque of Telemachus*, as he sat at supper with Johnson and Goldsmith, indulging somewhat freely in wine, and arrived at that pitch in his cups when he gave this invitation, of looking at one man and talking to another. 'I shall be glad to wait upon you,' answered Goldsmith. 'No, no,' replied Graham: 'tis not you I mean, Doctor *Minor*; tis Doctor *Major*, there.' 'Now, that Graham,' said Goldsmith afterward, 'is a fellow to make one commit suicide; and upon nothing graver than expressions such as this, have men like Hawkins inferred that he loved not Johnson, but rather envied him for his parts. 'Indeed,' pursues the musical knight, 'he once entreated a friend to desist from praising him; 'for in doing so,' said he, 'you harrow up my soul,' which it may be admitted was not at all improbable, if it was Hawkins praising him; for there is nothing so likely as a particular sort of praise to harrow up an affectionate soul. Such most certainly was Goldsmith's, and he loved with all his grateful heart whatever was lovable in Johnson. Boswell himself admits it, on more than one occasion; and contradicts much of what he has chosen to say on others, by the remark, that in his opinion Goldsmith had not really more of envy than other people, but only talked of it freely.'

While talking of Reynolds and the Royal Academy, and of the haughty impertinence of Horace Walpole, Mr. Forster has a remark on the effects of the English Academy upon art and artists in this country, which strikes us as very much to the purpose. If it were only, indeed, in the station which Reynolds himself attained, as much by his resolute, *but not rude*, independence of character, as by his talents as a painter, he conferred a lasting benefit upon the artist, who finds the disadvantages of his social position one of the most insurmountable against which he has to strive. What Johnson did for the literary man, Reynolds did for the votary of the fine arts; he forced a frivolous world to respect them in his person.

"Academies cannot create genius; academies had nothing to do with the begetting of Hogarth, or Reynolds, or Wilson, or Gainsborough, the greatest names of our English school; but they may strengthen the painter's claims to consideration and esteem, and give, to that sense of dignity which should invest every liberal art, and which too often passes for an airy nothing amid the bustle and crowd of more vulgar pretences, 'a local habitation and a name.' This was the main wise drift of Reynolds and his fellow-labourers; it was the charter that held them together in spite of all their later dissensions; and to this day it outweighs the gravest fault or disadvantage that has yet been charged against the Royal Academy."

But we must hasten to end our notice of his entertaining book, from which, notwithstanding the faults in it that we have specified, we part with reluctance. We can only find room for Grattan's reminiscences of the poet's personal appearance and habits, and for the story of his last moments.

"Goldsmith's personal appearance and manners had made a lively impression on the young Templar. He recalled them vividly after a lapse of near seventy years, and his description is one of the best we have. He was short, he says; about five feet five or six inches; strong but not heavy in make, and rather fair in complexion; his hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig, was brown. 'His features were plain, but not repulsive; certainly not so when lighted up by conversation.' Though his complexion was pale, his face round and pitted with the small pox, and a somewhat remarkable projection of his forehead and his upper lip were excellent sport for the caricaturists, the expression of intelligence, benevolence, and good humour, predominated over every disadvantage, and made the face extremely pleasing. This is not more evident in Reynolds's paintings than in Bunbury's whimsical drawings. His manners were simple, natural, and 'perhaps, on the whole, we may say not polished: at least, Mr. Day explains, without that refinement and good breeding which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, 'often indeed boisterous in his mirth,' entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information, and the *naïveté*

and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint. It was a laugh ambitions to compete with even Johnson's: which Davies, with an enviable knowledge of natural history, compared to the laugh of a rhinoceros; and which seemed to Boswell, in their midnight walkings, to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch. To such explosions of mirth from Goldsmith, it would seem, the Grecian Coffee House now oftenest echoed; for it had become the favourite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars, whom he delighted in collecting around him, in entertaining with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality, and in occasionally amusing with his flute or with whist, 'neither of which he played very well.' Of his occupations and address at the time, Judge Day confirms and further illustrates what is already known to us. He was composing light and superficial works, he says, memoirs and histories; not for fame, but for the more urgent need of recruiting exhausted finances. To such labours he returned, and shut himself up to provide fresh matter for his bookseller, and fresh supplies for himself, whenever his funds were dissipated; 'and they fled more rapidly from his being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his benevolence.' With a purse replenished by labour of this kind, adds the worthy judge, the season of relaxation and pleasure took its turn, in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gaiety and amusement; which he continued to frequent as long as his supply held out, and where he was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag-wig and sword. This favourite costume, it appears, involved him one day in a short but comical dialogue with two coxcombs in the Strand, one of whom, pointing to Goldsmith, called to his companion, to 'look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.' whereupon, says Mr. Day, the sturdy little poet instantly called aloud to the passers-by to caution them against 'that brace of disguised pickpockets;' and, to shew that he wore a sword as well for defence from insolence as for ornament, retired from the footpath into the coach-way to give himself more space, 'and half drawing, beckoned to the witty gentleman armed in like manner, to follow him: but he and his companion, thinking prudence the better part of valour, declined the invitation, and sneaked away amid the hootings of the spectators.'"

Mournful is the record of the concluding hours of the lives of too many a man of genius. We know of few things more humbling and painful than the closing scenes which have put an end to the earthly joys and sorrows of many and many a wit and poet and philosopher. But surely never was any thing more sad than the last words of poor Oliver Goldsmith.

"A week passed. The symptoms so fluctuating in the course of it, and the evidence of active disease so manifestly declining, that even sanguine expectations of recovery would appear to have been at one time entertained. But Goldsmith could not sleep. His reason seemed clear, what he said was always perfectly sensible, 'he was at times even cheerful;' but sleep had deserted him, his appetite was gone, and it became obvious, in the state of weakness to which he had been reduced, that want of sleep might in itself be fatal. It then occurred to Doctor Turton to put a very pregnant question to his patient. 'Your pulse,' he said, 'is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' was Goldsmith's melancholy answer. They are the last words we are to hear him utter in this world. The end arrived suddenly and unexpectedly. He lay in the sound and calm sleep which so anxiously had been looked for, at midnight, on Sunday the 3d of April; his respiration was easy and natural, his skin warm and moist, and the favourable turn was thought to have come. But at four o'clock in the morning, the apothecary Maxwell was called up in haste, and found him in strong convulsions. These continued without intermission; he sank rapidly; and at a quarter before five o'clock on the morning of Monday the 4th of April, 1774, having lived five months beyond his forty-fifth year, Oliver Goldsmith died."

LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II.

[Second notice.]

LAST week we transferred to our pages a few of Lord Hervey's separate portraits. They appear in not less characteristic traits and colouring when put together in court groups or domestic conversations. Happy the court of Queen Victoria, that it is not like the court of George the Second and Queen Caroline. Bishops, it is true, she has not about her in such numbers. A Wilberforce alone is found, where once a Gibson, a

Sherlock, a Hoadley, and half a dozen others, intrigued, and managed, and coquettled with power and placemen. Nor do we suspect any courtier of the present day, any equerry or lady of the bedchamber, to be busied just now in compiling memoirs of her Majesty, her consort, her children, and her companions. Happily for us and for herself, the court of the Queen of England is free from the scandals which furnish so large a portion of royal anecdotes; and the English world, which loves and honours the domestic virtues more than the heroic, is well content to know little or nothing of its Queen's and Prince's affairs, in the belief that a well-ordered household dwells where, hitherto, even decency has been but rarely found. The royal nursery at present can shew no such petty absurdities as the following:

"The King and Queen dined this day as usual in their own apartment, but the Duke and the Princesses were ordered to dine with the Prince and his bride in the Prince's apartment, where the King, to avoid all difficulties about ceremony, had ordered them to go undressed; notwithstanding which, the Prince wisely contrived to raise a thousand disputes, pretending first that his brother and sisters should sit upon stools whilst he and his bride sat in armed chairs at the head of the table; next, that they should not be served on the knee, though neither of these things had ever entered before into his head since he came into England, and that he had ate with them constantly every day.

"However, in both these things and several others, the Princesses having had their directions from the King and Queen what they were to do, his Royal Highness was overruled; the Princesses would not go into his eating-room, but stayed in his antechamber, till the stools were taken away and chairs carried in; and being to be served by their own servants at table, they ordered their servants to do every thing for them just as the Prince and Princess's did for them; only after dinner, the Princess Caroline told me they were forced to go without their coffee, for fear that, being poured out by a servant of the Princess's, they might have met with some disgrace (had they accepted of any) in the manner of giving it."

Here is a pretty little bit of domestic discomfort, enough to undeceive those who worship the state of royalty, as something removed from all the worries and vexations of common mortals.

"His Majesty stayed but two days after his arrival at Kensington, and then removed to London, to keep his birth-day and settle there for the winter; but during this short stay at Kensington, most of the inhabitants of the Court spoke of his behaviour to the Queen as quite different from what it had formerly been — some of them from seeing instances of the change, and others from fancying they saw them because they expected to see them.

"The accumulated trifles that contribute to forming opinions of this kind are much easier observed than related, and depend upon the combination of so many little circumstances, that to try to describe them would be a task as tedious as imperfect. One example, however, I will give. In the absence of the King, the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places: the King, affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, or, from his extreme ignorance in painting, really disapproving it, told Lord Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two Vandykes, at least, on each side of the chimney to remain, instead of those two sign-posts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered, 'My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand; but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own: I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture: thank God, at least she has left the walls standing! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or no; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored; I will have it done, too, to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all.' 'Would your Majesty,' said Lord Hervey, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?' 'Yes, my lord; I am not so nice as your lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than any thing you have given me instead of her.' Lord Hervey thought, though he did not dare to say, that if his Majesty had liked his fat Venus as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations. However, finding his jokes on this occasion were as little tasted as his reasonings approved, and that the King, as usual, grew more

warm and more peremptory on every thing that was said to cool and alter him, his lordship was forced to make a serious bow; and though he knew the fat Venus was at Windsor, some of the other pictures at Hampton Court, and all the frames of the removed pictures cut or enlarged to fit their successors, he assured his Majesty that every thing should be done without fail, next morning, just as he had ordered.

"Lord Hervey told the Queen next morning at breakfast what had passed the night before, who affected to laugh, but was a good deal displeased, and more ashamed. She said, the King, to be sure, was master of his own furniture; and asked Lord Hervey if the pictures were changed; who told her, No, and why it was impossible they should. She charged him not to tell the King why, but to find out some other reason. Whilst they were speaking, the King came in; but, by good luck, said not one word of the pictures; his Majesty stayed about five minutes in the gallery; snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke [of Cumberland] for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then carried the Queen to walk, and be resnubbed, in the garden. The pictures were altered according to the King's direction soon after; and the excuse Lord Hervey made for their not being done that morning was the man's being out of the way who was always employed on those occasions."

George the Second, indeed, was an intolerable tyrant in his own family; and if he yielded to the Queen's ingenuity in political matters, he made her pay a ruinous price for her influence, in a slavish submission to his whims, his temper, and his vices. Take, for instance, the following picture of the principal actors in what used to be great days in England — the birthday pageants and sights:

"The day [29th Oct.] before the birthday, the Court removed from Kensington to London; and the Queen, who had long been out of order with a cough and a little lurking fever, notwithstanding she had been twice bled, grew every hour worse and worse: however, the King lugged her the night she came from Kensington, the first of Farinelli's performances, to the opera, and made her the next day go through all the tiresome ceremonies of drawing-rooms and balls, the fatigues of heats and crowds, and every other disagreeable appurtenance to the celebration of a birthday. There was a strange affectation of an incapacity of being sick that ran through the whole Royal Family, which they carried so far that no one of them was more willing to own any other of the family ill than to acknowledge themselves to be so. I have known the King get out of his bed, choking with a sore throat, and in a high fever, only to dress and have a levee, and in five minutes undress and return to his bed till the same ridiculous farce of health was to be presented the next day at the same hour. With all his fondness for the Queen, he used to make her in the like circumstances commit the like extravagances, but never with more danger and uneasiness than at this time. In the morning drawing-room she found herself so near swooning, that she was forced to send Lord Grantham to the King to beg he would retire, for that she was unable to stand any longer. Notwithstanding which, at night he brought her into still a greater crowd at the ball, and there kept her till eleven o'clock."

To turn, however, to the more public and political anecdotes related by Lord Hervey. The King, of course, was frequently unpopular to the last degree. Who could bear a monarch who thought Hanover a finer place than England, and was foolish enough to tell everybody so? People could not foresee that in the space of a hundred years Hanover would get a King from England who hated Hanover (in all things except its hitherto despotic government), and loved only English habits and English people, as cordially as George the Second disliked his adopted country and grumbled at it. The marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Orange was an opportunity too good to be overlooked by those who wished to favour the royal ear with their opinion of the royal conduct; and many were the hints received that a King of England had once been dethroned by a Prince of Orange who had married his daughter.

"The City of London," writes our courtier peer, "the University of Oxford, and several other disaffected towns and incorporated bodies, took the opportunity of the Princess Royal's marriage to say the most impudent things to the King, under the pretence of complimentary addresses, that ironical zeal and couched satire could put together. The tenor of them all was to express their satisfaction in this match, from remembering how much this country was indebted to a Prince

who bore the title of Orange ; declaring their gratitude to his memory, and intimating, as plainly as they dared, how much they wished this man might follow the example of his great ancestor, and one time or other *depose his father-in-law* in the same manner that King William had deposed his.

" The address of the City of London was thus epitomised in verse :

' Most gracious Sire, behold before you
Your prostrate subjects that adore you—
The Mayor and Citizens of London,
By loss of trade and taxes undone,
Who come with gratulation hearty,
Although they're of the Country Party,
To wish your Majesty much cheer
On Anna's marriage with Myn'heer.
Our hearts presage, from this alliance,
The fairest hopes, the brightest triumphs;
For if one Revolution glorious
Has made us wealthy and victorious,
Another, by just consequence,
Must double both our power and pence :
We therefore hope that young Nassau,
Whom you have chose your son-in-law,
Will shew himself of William's stock,
And prove a chip of the same block.'

" By a blunder of the Duke of Grafton's—who always blundered nor ever knew what he was about, and had lived in a Court all his life without knowing even the common forms of it—when the City of London brought their address, none of those who presented it had the honour to kiss the King's hand. This was immediately told all over the kingdom ; not as the effect of my Lord Chamberlain's negligence and ignorance, which indeed it was, but as a mark of the King's resentment of the purport of the City of London's address : and every body who believed the thing in this manner condemned the King for giving those who meant to be impertinent to him the pleasure of seeing he understood them.

" It is certain at this time the Court was very unpopular, that the King and Queen were as much personally hated as Sir Robert Walpole, and both spoken and wrote against with as much freedom : but they were not so sensible as he was of the situation they were in ; particularly the King, who imagined those courtiers and flatterers that were perpetually incensing his altars in the palace, spoke the sentiments of all his subjects, though in reality they were as far from speaking the opinion of the nation as their own, and were no more the echoes of other people's words than they were the communicators of their own thoughts.

" What I am going to say may sound paradoxical ; but it is my firm opinion, though I know not how to account for it, that, although money and troops are generally esteemed the nerves and sinews of all the regal power, and that no king ever had so large a civil list or so large an army in time of peace as the present King, yet that the Crown was never less capable of infringing the liberties of this country than at this time ; and that the spirit of liberty was so universally breathed into the breasts of the people, that if any violent act of power had been attempted, at no era would it have been more difficult to perpetrate any undertaking of that kind. The King was often told, both in Parliament and in print, that his crown had been the gift of the people ; that it was given on conditions ; and that it behaved him to observe those conditions, as it would be both as easy and as lawful, in case he broke any of them, for the people to resume that gift, as it had been for them to bestow it.

" The Prince, who always imagined himself the idol of the people, was to the full as unpopular as his parents. And though on this occasion of the Prince of Orange's wedding, he might plainly have seen that he was quite dropped, and that those who wished to get rid of his father never desired to exchange his father for him, yet nothing could open his eyes, the bandage of vanity bound them so close, and so determined he was to believe that every discontent centred in the King, the Queen, and Sir Robert Walpole, and that all the nation wished as much as he himself, that the time was come for him to ascend the throne.

" Some mortification, however, he could not help feeling and shewing in his countenance, when, upon going to the play once or twice with the Prince of Orange, the galleries when he came into the box only made a little clapping as usual with their hands, and the moment the Prince of Orange appeared the whole house rung with peals of shouts and buzzas.

" The King himself began before the Prince of Orange went away to be very uneasy at distinctions of this kind that were paid him, and could not contentedly see, every opera-night from his own window, the coach of the Prince of Orange surrounded by crowds and ushered out of Court with incessant hallooing, whilst his own chair followed the moment after through empty and silent streets."

On another occasion, when the King stayed too long in Hanover, chained in the fetters of an unlawful pas-

sion, the discontent waxed loud and open-voiced, and squibs flew about in all directions.

" In the mean time the people of all ranks grew every day more discontented at the King's stay in Germany. The people belonging to the Court were uneasy at it, as it made the Court so much more unpopular ; and those who were attached to the Queen were yet more so, from the apprehension of these long absences being both the means and the signs of her altered power. The tradesmen were all uneasy, as they thought the King's absence prevented people coming to town, and particularly for the birthday ; the citizens made this preference he seemed to give to his German dominions a pretence to shew their disaffection, but were before so thoroughly disaffected that it made no great addition to what they felt, though it opened the sluices of their clamorous mouths. The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those who, if he had heard all this, would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask, if he must have a mistress, whether England could furnish never a one good enough to serve his turn ; and if he thought Parliament had given him a greater civil list than any of his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary expenses of his travelling charges, and enrich his German favourites. * * *

" At the Royal Exchange, a paper with these words was stuck up :

" It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring.

" On St. James's gate this advertisement was pasted :

" Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish ; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence* reward. N.B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a *Crown*."

One of the most amusing paragraphs in the memoirs is that which gives the King's and Lord Hervey's opinions upon histories of the time which they supposed to be in progress, or in contemplation, from three of the most celebrated men of the day—Lords Carteret, Chesterfield, and Bolingbroke. Lord Carteret seems to have actually commenced his memoirs ; Bolingbroke did nothing more than induce people to suppose he was writing ; and Chesterfield only produced some half dozen characters, written with as much candour as could be expected from him, and with none of the laboured wit and finished epigrammatic brilliancy which Lord Hervey imputed to him.

" One morning, when she was talking to Lord Hervey of this history, and Carteret's bragging he would make her famous to posterity and many future ages, when nobody was present but the King, his Majesty said, ' Yes, I dare say he will paint you in fine colours, *that dirty liar!*' ' Why not ?' said the Queen ; ' good things come out of dirt sometimes ; I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung.' Lord Hervey said he knew three people that were now writing the history of his Majesty's reign, who could possibly know nothing of the secrets of the palace and his Majesty's closet, and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continual dissection of both. ' You mean,' said the King, ' Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret.' ' I do,' replied Lord Hervey. ' They will all three,' said the King, ' have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge : he is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families ; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs ; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon.' The Queen said all these three histories would be three heaps of lies, but lies of very different kinds ; she said Bolingbroke's would be great lies, Chesterfield's little lies, and Carteret's lies of both sorts. ' But which,' said the Queen to Lord Hervey, ' for the style, should you like best to read ?' Lord Hervey said, ' I should certainly choose Lord Bolingbroke's ; for, though Lord Bolingbroke has no idea of wit, yet his satire is keener than anybody's that has. Besides, his writings are always larded with a great deal of knowledge, as well as seasoned with satire ; his words are well chosen, his diction extremely raised, and his style so flowing that it does not seem at

all studied or forced; and when he makes use of uncommon words, seems to do it from not being in a common way of thinking, rather than seeking them. Lord Chesterfield's *Memoirs* will have a great deal of wit in them, but you will see in every page he resolves to be witty; every paragraph will be an epigram. His style for short treatises is excellent; but in a long work all that labour and polishing which he bestows on every thing he writes will appear stiff and tiresome. Connexion will be wanting; and that want of transition, which is so pardonable when it proceeds from haste, or a little negligence in running quick from one subject to another, will have an abrupt air and a disagreeable broken effect, in such a constrained studied style, that it has not in writings of a looser and more natural sort. For Lord Carteret's work, I am not so capable of conjecturing what it will be, as I have seen very few things of his writing; but what I have always seemed to me inaccurate, with a strong touch of bombast mixed with vulgarisms; and like some ungenteel people's dress, whom one sees at once over-fine and yet fine but by halves, in a coat embossed instead of embroidered, and a dirty coarse shirt!"

Lord Hervey's wit and point appear nowhere to better advantage than in a laughable little *jeu d'esprit* which he wrote on the occasion of the Queen's saying what an alteration in the palace his death would make, and how many people would grieve, and how many rejoice; to which Lord Hervey replied, that he believed he could guess just how it would be; and being pressed to tell it, said he would do it in writing. The freedom of the court, not only in the grossness of conversation, but in the familiarity which allowed Lord Hervey to exhibit many of the Queen's peculiarities of language, style, and sentiments, is nowhere more marked and apparent than in this amusing sally. Mr. Croker has retained quite enough to shew us all this, though he has omitted many expressions and passages too abominable for publication now, though they were designed for publicity when written. We give one or two scenes from this little drama, which is entitled

"THE DEATH OF LORD HERVEY;

Or, a Morning at Court.

ACT I. SCENE—*The Queen's Gallery.* The Time, Nine in the Morning.

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCESS EMILY, PRINCESS CAROLINE; followed by LORD LIFFORD and Mrs. PURCEL.

Queen. *Mon Dieu, quelle chaleur! en vérité on étouffe.* Pray open a little those windows.

Lord Lifford. *Hasa your Majesty hear a de news?*

Q. What news, my dear lord?

Lord L. Dat my Lord Hervey, as he was coming last night to tone, was rob and murdered by highwaymen, and tron in a ditch.

Princess Caroline. *Eh! grand Dieu!*

Q. [striking her hand upon her knee.] *Comment, est il véritablement mort?* Purcel, my angel, shall I not have a little breakfast?

Mrs. Purcel. What would your Majesty please to have?

Q. A little chocolate, my soul, if you give me leave; and a little sour cream and some fruit. [Exit Mrs. PURCEL.

Q. [to Lord L.] *Eh! bien, my Lord Lifford, dites nous un peu comment cela est arrivé.* I cannot imagine what he had to do to be putting his nose there. *Seulement pour un sol voyage avec ce petit mousse—eh bien?*

Lord L. *Madame, on sait quelque chose de cela de Mon Maran, qui d'abord qu'il a vu les voleurs s'est enfui et venu à grand galoppe à Londres, and after dat a waggoner take up the body and put it in his cart.*

Q. [to Princess Emily.] Are you not ashamed, *Amalie*, to laugh?

Princess Emily. I only laughed at the cart, mama.

Q. Ah! that is a very *fade plaisanterie*.

Princess E. But, if I may say it, mama, I am not very sorry.

Q. *Ah! fie donc! Eh bien! my Lord Lifford!* My God, where is this chocolate, Purcel?

Re enter Mrs. PURCEL, with the chocolate and fruit.

Q. [to Mrs. P.] Well, I am sure Purcel now is very sorry for my Lord Hervey: have you heard it?

Mrs. P. Yes, madam; and I am always sorry when your Majesty loses any thing that entertains you.

Q. Look you there now, *Amalie*; I swear now Purcel is thousand times better as you.

Princess E. I did not say I was not sorry for mama; but I am not sorry for him.

Q. And why not?

Princess E. What, for that creature!

Princess C. I cannot imagine why one should not be sorry for him: I think it very *dure* not to be sorry for him. I own he used to laugh *malapropos* sometimes, but he was mightily mended; and for people that were civil to him, he was always ready to do any thing to oblige them; and for my part I am sorry, I assure.

Princess E. Mama, Caroline is *duchtich*; for my part I cannot *paroître*.

Q. Ah! ah! You can *paroître* and be *duchtich* very well sometimes; but this is no *paroître*; and I think you are very great brute. I swear now he was very good, poor my Lord Hervey; and with people's lives, that is no jest. My dear Purcel, this is the nastiest fruit I have ever tasted; is there none of the Duke of Newcastle's? or that old fool Johnstone's? *Il étoit bien joli quelquefois*, my Lord Hervey; was he not, Lifford?

Lord L. [taking snuff]. Ees, ended he was ver pretty company sometimes.

Princess E. shrugs her shoulders, and laughs again.

Q. [to Princess E.] If you did not think him company, I am sorry for your taste. [To Princess C.] My God, Caroline, you will twist off the thumbs of your glove! *Mais, my Lord Lifford, qui vous a conté tout ça des voleurs, du ditch, et des wagoners?*

Lord L. I have hear it at St. James, et tout le monde en parle.

Q. [to Mrs. P.] Have you sent, Purcel, to Vickers about my clothes?

Mrs. P. He is here, if your Majesty pleases to see the stuffs.

Q. No, my angel, I must write now. Adieu, adieu, adieu, my Lord Lifford. * * * *

ACT II. SCENE—*The Queen's dressing-room.* The QUEEN is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth; Mrs. PURCEL dressing her Majesty's head; the PRINCESSES, Lady PEMBROKE, and Lady BURLINGTON, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady SUNDON, Woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.

1 Parson (behind the scenes). 'From pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.'

2 Parson. 'Good Lord, deliver us!'

Q. I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door: those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak. [Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.] So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those persons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. [To Lady Burlington.] What do you say, Lady Burlington, to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

Lady Pembroke [sighing and lifting up her eyes]. I swear it is a terrible thing.

Lady Burlington. I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

Q. How sorry is that, my good Lady Burlington?

Lady B. Not so sorry as not to admit of consolation.

Q. I am sure you have not forgiven him his jokes upon Chiswick. I used to scold him for that too, for Chiswick is the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. But I must say, poor my Lord Hervey, he was very pretty too.

Lady B. [colouring and taking snuff.] I can't think your Majesty does Chiswick any great honour by the comparison. He was very well for once, like a party to Vauxhall, where the glare and the bustle entertain one for a little while, but one was always tired of one as well as t'other in half an hour.

Q. Oh! oh! I beg your pardon. I wish all the Vauxhalls were like him, I assure you—I would divert myself exceedingly with Vauxhall; and for your half-hour, I am your humble servant; he has entertained me, poor my Lord Hervey, many and many half hours, I can promise you; but I am sure you thought he laughed at you a little sometimes, as well as Chiswick. Come, own the truth.

Lady B. I never thought enough about him to think whether he did or did not; but I suppose we had all our share.

Lady Sundon. I must say I never in my life heard my Lord Hervey make or give into any joke upon people that he professed living at all well with. He would say a lively thing sometimes, to be sure, upon people he was indifferent to, and very bitter ones upon people he was not indifferent to; and I believe we are all glad enough to do that when we have a fair opportunity; the only difference amongst us is, who does it best and worst.

Princess E. [to Lady S.] Did you really love him? [Laughs, and mutters something in German to the Queen.]

Lady S. I had a great deal of reason, for he was always very particularly civil and kind to me.

Lady B. If he was very civil to you, it was being very particular to you, that's certain.

Q. I beg your pardon, he was very well bred.

Lady B. Where it was his interest, perhaps; he was very well bred to your Majesty, I dare say.

Lady S. I am sure he loved the Queen.

Princess E. That is, you are sure he said so, my good Lady Sundon; and so will all mama's pages and gentlemen ushers.

Lady S. But he has said it in a way that I think I could see whether he felt what he said or not: he has often said that the Queen had a thousand good, and agreeable, and amiable qualities, that one should like in a private person; and that he could not conceive why those qualities were not to be loved because they were in a Queen: and one felt the justness of that way of thinking. And I assure your Royal Highness I think the Queen will have a very great loss of him; for, besides the use he was of in Parliament, which I do not pretend to be a judge of, he was certainly a constant amusement to the Queen in private, and gave up his whole time to amuse her; and I must say I do not think it is every body (if they would give their whole time to it) is capable of amusing the Queen."

Of all the many offensive and intolerable scenes that are painted in these memoirs, none are more really shocking than that of the death of Queen Caroline, both in its essential character, and in the astonishing and disgusting mixture of brutality, levity, and tenderness displayed by her husband. The conversation between the pair on the subject of the King's marrying again, even Lord Hervey says, is almost incredible, though unquestionably true. And we are the more disposed to admit the truth of Lord Hervey's stories and general sketches of the personages who figure on his pages, because they preserve to the end the same character which he gives them at the beginning, either in a formal description, or in their own sayings and doings. That his own heartless and godless spirit tinged every thing that he saw, there is no doubt; that he should believe every body to be either a knave or a fool, was but natural in one to whom purity and religion were not so much strange as odious. But, admitting this little qualification in his memoirs of his day, we cannot but take his word for what he says, on the whole, and rise up from their perusal with thankfulness that our lot is not cast in such an era as was the reign of George the Second.

Short Notices.

The Religious Principles of Sanitary Care. By T. D. Hawker, Surgeon to the Free Hospital, North Audley Street. London, Fletcher.

We should be rejoiced to see every medical man taking up the Sanitary Question in the same spirit as the author of this pamphlet. The infinite importance of decent habitations and pure air to the morality of the hard-working classes of the English poor, is one of those points which unhappily have been too much overlooked by the great promoters of the reform. But every one who has the slightest acquaintance with the influence of pure air, abundant water, and proper clothing upon the nervous system, and of the nervous system again upon the morality of a man's daily life, will agree with us in thinking that too much cannot be said to awaken the public mind to this momentous portion of the question. Many eminent physicians, such as Dr. Sutherland (the Editor of the *Journal of Public Health*), Sir Arnold Knight, of Liverpool, and others, have expressed themselves most strongly on the point; and the other day Lord Ashley brought it before the attention of the House of Commons. Mr. Hawker takes a more definite theological view of the matter than has yet been published, and urges the peculiarly Christian view of sanitary care, on the ground that the *body* is to be raised again and glorified hereafter; and therefore, as a future inhabitant of eternity, demands all care and honour from us upon earth. He also most justly brings forward the especially Christian doctrine with respect to the poor and their claims upon us, as the representatives of Him who was once a poor man upon earth. The *brochure* is highly creditable to him, though its style is somewhat too florid and ambitious, and there is occasionally a little mistiness in the theological statements.

Select Plays of William Shakespeare; with Notes, and an Introduction to each Play, and a Life of Shakespeare. Burns. This very readably printed volume contains King John, Macbeth, Henry V., Richard III., and Julius Caesar. Those who cannot stand a Bowdlerised Shakespeare, yet desire a selection of the best plays, fit to be put into the hands of the young by those who are most sensitive on the score of refinement of language, will hail this as a most useful book. The frontispiece, after Cope, is one of Thompson's best wood-engravings.

The Fine Arts.

THE MODERN ARTIST:

THE CAUSE OF HIS MEDIOCRITY.

[Concluded from p. 14.]

THE artist of the present day is not so much to be blamed for the condition in which he is involved, as the age in which he lives; and of whose spirit, whether for good or for evil, he must be more or less the expression. It is our time itself which is in fault. We are a stiff, stately, dry, correct, and common-place generation. Great as is our moral advance upon our forefathers of the last century; earnest, genuine, benevolent, and enlightened as is the day in which we find ourselves, it were ludicrous to call the middle of the nineteenth century an era of great men, in any one single division of thought on which the human mind can occupy itself. Here and there may be an exception; but as a general rule, mediocrity reigns triumphant around. We are so busy with our good intentions, that we make little or no permanent use of them; we express the most laudable anxiety to do the right thing, but no man comes either to accomplish it himself, or to put others in the way of bringing it to pass. Genius, where it exists, seems frittered away on trivial and profitless objects, for want of that commanding and enlightened intelligence which alone can stay it from wasting its divine powers.

We are intensely *conscious*, indeed, of our good desires; but this very consciousness is a symptom of our inability to proceed to aught that is enduring and truly great. We talk an insufferable amount of cant about our "progress," our "earnestness," and our "mission"; but hitherto we have failed to discern what is the spirit of our age, or to embody it in any great institution for the salvation of posterity, or to express it in any enduring achievements of literature or art, such as shall tell our children *what* we were. If we are great in doing anything, it is in doing that which is in its nature essentially perishable. The grand characteristic feature of our day is its periodical literature, with the daily paper at its head, and as the most definite exponent of its spirit and tendencies. We write, think, and speak with the most abundant success, that which *must* die, and which is fated by the very law of its existence to be forgotten, almost with every revolution of the sun. Whatever is most profound, whatsoever is most learned, whatsoever is most heroic, whatsoever is most self-sacrificing, whatsoever is most spiritual, all these things are well nigh strange to the soul of the age in which we dwell. The locomotive is the true physical type of our inward aspirations. Noisy, ugly, rapid, overwhelming, and soon worn out, it is the very figure of the spirit which pervades this people and kingdom. We are great only in matters of business, and in our deep and almost enthusiastic love for law and order, even when we ourselves are the sufferers from their tyranny and exclusiveness.

Compare, for a moment, our national works of art, with our contrivances for facilitating the arrangements of business, and developing our national resources of material wealth. Compare our Fine Arts Commissions, our Art-unions, our Government publications, our costliest books, our British Museum, our National Gallery, our churches, our annual exhibitions, or even our Houses of Parliament, with such vast, complicated, and truly great achievements, as the Post-office, the railways, the docks, or the periodical and fugitive press. The very comparison is absurd. For the latter you see *something*; in the former you see *nothing*. The latter are the expression of the mind, the energies, and the affections of a mighty empire; the former are the imbecile or immature contrivances of a highly correct and well-intentioned public, which is particularly anxious to be cultivated, refined, intellectual, and beneficent, but which suddenly finds itself bewildered in a region where all its old traditions, habits, and associations avail it nothing in the accomplishment of its aims.

Let us name two distinct points individually, as tokens of the singular want of depth, reality, and poetic sentiment, which is the bane of modern art. The new

Houses of Parliament are justly considered one of the proudest monuments of our day. Yet we could almost defy the most ingenious of theorists to tell us what the gigantic mass of buildings means. *What is it?* *What does it look like?* *What does it express?* *What is it meant for?* *What idea was in the artist's mind when he conceived the original plan, as a whole and in its details?* *Did he conceive any plan at all?* *Did he not rather draw it, and that was all?* *Did he not sit down in cold blood to make, or compile, a design, suited to the injunctions of a parliamentary commission?* And now that the vast congeries of apartments is approaching its consummation, can any man say what is the *spirit* of any one portion, especially of that which is now completed, the chamber for the House of Lords? What does the House of Lords *say* to the mind of those who gaze at its beauties and its gorgeous splendour? Is it the spirit of romance, or of poetry, or of the English constitution, or of the present peerage, or of their ancestors who won *Magna Charta*, or of Monarchy, or of Aristocracy, or of Democracy, or of the Established Church, or of the Catholic Church, or of latitudinarianism in religion, or of war, or of peace, or of commerce, or of anything on the earth, under the earth, or above the earth, that those superb walls and roofs express? The whole is nothing but a piece of elaborate architectural study and compilation, and shews nothing except that Gothic is a very fine style of building, and suited to all sorts of purposes; and that gilding and painting are much better decorations than whitewash and upholstery. More than this the new Houses of Parliament have not achieved; there is neither religion, nor poetry, nor politics to be found in their magnificent and correct forms and details, to speak to the heart and the mind of the nation which has called them into existence.

The great benefit we hope for from their erection is, the impetus that must inevitably be given to the cultivation not only of Gothic architecture, but of every species of art which can be employed in their decoration, and in the structure of their ornaments. The Palace at Westminster will be pre-eminently a *useful* building; it will banish many absurd prejudices from the public mind, and give to art and artists at least a chance in their generation. It is a great thing that it is as excellent and successful as it has proved to be. It is a great thing that its defects are negative rather than positive; and that if it does not exalt or soothe the mind, it does not offend the taste, and provoke the severity of cultivated criticism. It is a proof of the good intentions of our day; and like everything else that is well meant, and good, as far as it goes, it must lead to other and nobler works, which, if less splendid, less vast, less imposing, and less elaborate, will yet be more poetic and truthful productions of the soul and genius of *art*.

But there is a second peculiarity in the art of modern days, which speaks volumes in shewing the inherently superficial character which pervades it in all its most ambitious features. If there is any nation which makes its boast of being a religious nation, it is Great Britain. If there is any people who would scout the notion that they did no due honour to the ever-blessed name and sufferings of Him by whose name they are called, it is ourselves. Nor do we hesitate, as a nation, about the application of art to our religion. All the world is alive about Church-architecture, with its decorations and its proprieties. There is scarcely a religious book printed without its embellishments; Christianity has been made as "pictorial" as history and poetry, during the last score of years; yet where is the successful, where is the durable painting or statue of that great work of our redemption, which it is the profession of this people that they are ever honouring and bearing in mind? Has any English artist painted the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, in such a spirit, and with such power and truth, as to express the feelings of the devout mind when it contemplates that awful and tremendous mystery? As a rule, the so-called Scriptural pieces in our galleries are both the most rare and the most miserable features that we behold. But of all the religious subjects which are rarest among the rare, and most intolerable among the vile, are the occasional unhappy displays of ignorance and want of Christian feeling, which are exhibited in representations of Calvary and its fearful

sacrifice. What shall we say, then, for the fervency of feeling and the profundity of thought of the age which does not call for reverent and true pictures of this most touching and most consoling object of our faith, and of the originality, power, and greatness of character of the artists who make so few and so wretched efforts at impressing upon their contemporaries that event which they ought to esteem their most exalted privilege to illustrate and obey? Surely this fact is not without its deep significance. It tells us, in tones that no wise lover of art will venture to slight, that art has not yet reached the *heart* of England; that it is wandering hither and thither, busied among many things, good, laudable, and delightful in their place, but that it yet lacks that depth of meditation, that earnestness of purpose, that determination of will, that elevation of taste, that purity and refinement of imagination, that fervency of feeling, without which it must ever be more or less obnoxious to reprobation, as a species of mechanical trade, a copying of the externals of things, and not be loved and venerated as a visible poetry, uttering the thoughts, the passions, and the affections of the heart of man.

To every artist, therefore, and to every lover and fosterer of art, we would say with the utmost earnestness, Think, read, and study, as well as paint, carve, and draw. Be men of high and noble character, of meditation, of patient reflection and observation, as well as clever painters, sculptors, and architects. No man can utter what he does not know, or express what he does not feel. Until the artist is profoundly impressed with the conviction, that it is his own mind that is more or less in fault, we have no hope for British art. Till he comes to regard himself as a poet, a preacher of truths, a voice for the sentiments of his fellow-creatures, he must be content to remain one of the class of manufacturers, of designers of decorations and of the luxuries of the rich and fastidious. He must aim first at the knowledge of himself, of his race, of his age, and of the history and destinies of his species. The child cannot describe the thoughts of the man, nor the weak, ignorant, and uncultivated spirit dictate aught that is great, thoughtful, and refined to the painter's hand. None can paint man, but they who comprehend him in all the mystery of his being. The gross and carnal can no more depict the spotless innocence of the pure, than one born and bred a pagan can be eloquent in the praise of the morality of the Gospel. Those who have no love for the truths and duties of Christianity, will but display their own presumption and incompetence when they fain would embody the spiritual perfections of the holy men and women of whose actions Scripture is the written record. Till an artist is a man of genuine, hearty earnestness in all that he believes to be right and true, he must be content to dwell either in mediocrities, or to express only that which is least noble and least elevating in the soul of man. Anything, indeed, is better than heartlessness. Though, of course, there can be but one true religion upon earth, yet the most despicable and mischievous of creeds is that of thoughtlessness and insincerity. Zeal for error is a thousand times better than carelessness about truth; and until we see our sculptors, painters, and architects more earnest, more single-minded, and more devoted in the service of those sentiments, whatever they be, which they suppose to be true, and just, and pure, we shall hope nothing better from them than that they should be the slavish idols of a superficial age, and ministers to the ignorance, bad taste, and self-applauding follies of a race of rich and exacting patrons.

It is indeed with the artist as with every thing else in life. When a man *begins* his work with thinking what people will say of it, there is an end of all true greatness and excellence. Patronage, unless most judiciously applied, is in some respects the curse of art. The "patron" is the bane of the poet and the man of letters; and if he is not vastly superior to the average class of "patrons," he will in a like spirit stifle art in his attempts to nurse it for his own special benefit. He may feed and clothe the man who paints, but he will debase and corrupt the works of his genius and his skill. When the artist learns to think, first, of *what* he will paint; secondly, *how* he shall paint it; and thirdly, and only

thirdly, for whom he shall paint it,—he will give birth to something that will be a delight to himself and an honour to his country.

But, alas! how rare are the works in which the mental process involved in their creation has followed this order of thought! Who does not see, on glancing his eye round the walls on which are hung, in thick profusion, the interminable portraits, landscapes, and figure-pieces of a single year, that the meditations of the artists have followed up a chain of ideas diametrically the reverse of what we have pointed out? First of all—oh, monstrous absurdity!—the painters have plainly thought of the exhibition of their picture; they have considered who would see it, what would be said of it, and for how much they could sell it: then came the process of production, in which, as the workman had not well made up his mind as to what he would paint, but only what sort of a picture he would manufacture, he very naturally began to think of some master, or school, or trick of trade, or fashion of the day; and on these fancies—which, we suppose, we must designate by the honourable title of "principles,"—he set to work; did his painting, got it varnished, put it into its frame, sent it to the Academy or some other kindred receptacle for the offsprings of genius, and finally opened his eyes with astonishment when some sarcastic critic ventured to shew that he had utterly misconceived the sentiment of his subject, and not even attained to the dignity of a caricature of nature and of truth.

We put it to every one who has enough acuteness to penetrate below the surface of what he sees, whether this is not a fair representation of the process of the production of nine-tenths of modern pictures. With a few splendid exceptions, both in oil and water-colour, it is undeniable that modern art begins at the wrong end: it thinks about the picture, the statue, or the building, before it has grasped the idea, or the thing, which it has to express. It views the body of man as more essentially characteristic of humanity than the soul. It rests in physical beauty and grace, as perfect in themselves, without reference to the eternal archetype of all that is lovely and touching to the senses. Just as tailors look upon man as a species of creature formed for the especial purpose of being dressed, and hairdressers count luxuriant locks to be the greatest blessing vouchsafed by Providence to the world; so also too many of our artists view the visible universe as a subject for pictures for the exhibition, and the human countenance as furnishing matter for portraits to sell. Hence the jargon of the studio, the cant of criticism, the twaddle about this school and that master; and what is worse still, the petty jealousies of artists and rival institutions, the jobbings of committees, the speculations of art-unions and printsellers, the tricks of trade, and a thousand little disgraceful peccadilloes, which are the ruin of all that is best in art, dishonourable to every one who is a partaker in them, and detestable to every one who seeks in the works of art, not only an expression of the thoughts of his own mind, of the artist himself, and of the age in which he lives, but a rest and solace for his heart amid the cares, sorrows, and torments of unideal, actual life.

But let us hope for better things. Surely in the horizon the dawn even now is breaking. The artist already yearns for a more enlightened knowledge of himself, his powers, and his vocation. He rebels against the money-making tyrants who keep him in a state, of whose degradation he is only too painfully conscious. The nation is awaking to something like a love for art, and an appreciation of its high and exalting office. The old nonsense is dying out, and the world begins to find that the glowing picture, the breathing marble, the solemn fane, the gorgeous palace, is as truly and eternally the voice of the spirit of man, as the articulate words of speech, or as a written language. The artist is coming to be estimated as something better than a manufacturer, or a decorator, or a tradesman, or a formalist, or an unspiritual opponent of true religion. His contemporaries are almost prepared to honour him as a poet; and the moment that he is himself conscious of his character and calling, and not only claims to be accounted by others what he esteems himself to be, but

actually utters the voice of inspiration, he will assume that place in his country's ranks and in her future annals to which he has a right, legitimate, undoubted, and indefeasible.

Anatomy of the Outward Forms of the Human Body, for the Use of Painters and Sculptors. By Dr. J. Fau. (*Anatomie des Formes extérieures du Corps humain, &c.*). Paris, Mequignon-Marvis Fils; London, Baillière.

FEW things are easier than to prove that all figure-painters ought to have a certain definite knowledge of anatomy, but few things are more practically difficult than the acquisition of real anatomical knowledge on the part of English artists. We need not set ourselves to prove, that without a tolerably accurate comprehension of the details of the skeleton, and of the forms, characters, uses, and motions of the great sinews and veins of the human body, nothing less than an almost superhuman power of observation can enable a painter or sculptor to avoid material errors in his works. A man may paint or carve what he actually sees before him in his model with all possible accuracy, and know literally nothing of what is hidden beneath the surface; but take him from the model, or bid him delineate some imagined variation in the proportions of any one of its parts, in harmony with the necessary laws of the human frame, and he falls back at once upon guess-work, and is as likely to produce an abomination as a beauty. In truth, without a knowledge of the elements of anatomy an historical or portrait-painter is literally more or less an *empiric*. He may be an empiric of the first water, indeed; he may have so much tact, and good taste, and invention, and quickness of eye, as to accomplish really astonishing effects with his little means, but yet his work is simply and unquestionably *empiricism*; he is making attempts at representing what he does not theoretically comprehend, and aiming at the production of effects without penetrating into the nature of their causes.

In recommending, therefore, Dr. Fau's work on artistic anatomy to our readers, we need say nothing on a subject on which so much has of yore been talked and written, both in the way of sense and nonsense. But we cannot help saying a word or two in mitigation of the charge of anatomical ignorance, which is so freely and so justly urged against many a clever wielder of the brush and the chisel. As in all other matters, every body here is ready with his rebuke; but who has yet put it practically into the power of our young students and of their elders to *study* anatomy as an artist ought to *study* it? Where are the means for the embryo painter and sculptor to avail himself of? How few are the books for him to study placed by a reasonable price within his humble reach! Where are the Academic lectures, uniting the knowledge of the medical and the artistic anatomist, open alike to all who have any real claim for admittance? Where, with the exception of Sir Charles Bell, is the accomplished medical practitioner, who has united to his insight into the mere physical construction of the human form, such a perception of its characteristics of beauty and expressiveness as has enabled him to communicate his professional knowledge in an available shape to the artist student? Surely no one expects every young sculptor or painter to walk the hospitals and practise dissection, however desirable it may be, as their means now stand. No one who knows any thing of the matter can suppose it possible for any but a professed *medical* student to understand the elaborate disquisitions and technical phraseology of a surgical lecturer upon anatomy. Anatomy for artists must be a different thing from anatomy for surgeons. It must be set before them with a special view to their peculiar employment of its powers, to their limited time for study, and to their want of acquaintance with the minutiae of surgical language. Until, then, we see something more done for the artist by those who alone can aid him in this momentous branch of his studies, it is mere folly to upbraid him for ignorance of what he cannot know, or to expect him to comprehend the outward manifestations of the inward movements of the human figure, when he possesses so few practicable

means for learning what those inward movements really are.*

To those who have an opportunity of studying the *Anatomie des Formes extérieures du Corps humain* (published some little time ago in Paris), it will be found to go far towards furnishing a most useful amount of anatomical knowledge to the young artist. Learned, yet intelligibly written, it presents the results of many years' thought and experience, while it enters into many of the details of the variations in the physical development, arising from peculiarities of temperament, habits, and race. All these things, we need scarcely say, ought to be known and acted upon by the artist who would give a truly vivid and real embodiment to his conceptions of the passions and actions of his fellow-men. A sham classical background in a scriptural picture, or a violation of the laws of nature in the characteristic forms of the various races of mankind, is only less absurd and unpoetic than a Julius Cæsar in coat and trousers, or a mythological scene adorned with fragments of London buildings, because custom has consecrated the former folly, while the latter has not yet been perpetrated by any school of great names.

Dr. Fau has divided his book, which is a thin octavo volume, into two parts. In the first, he offers: 1. some general observations on the figure of man, and on the modifications it undergoes under various moral and physical influences, and on the characteristics of different temperaments and races; 2. an outline of the human organisation; 3. a description of the skeleton, in its separate parts, and as a whole; 4. an account of the articulations and their functions; 5. an exposition of the nature of our animal mechanism, both stationary and in movement; 6. a description of the contours and external surface of the skin, and an explanation of the chief causes of the outward forms assumed by the various members, with rules for measuring all the parts of the body, and for determining their just proportions.

The second part comprises: 1. considerations on the various forms of bones; 2. a description of the variations in the human form, by motion, by age, by sex, &c.; and 3. a few anatomical illustrations applied to the study of the antique statues. An atlas of plates contains twenty-four coloured engravings, very well executed, of complete figures, and of various portions of the body, in a great variety of attitudes, displaying both the skeleton, the sinews and tendons, and the outward forms. We shall conclude our account of this valuable book with an extract from one of its most generally interesting and least technical passages. It will be perhaps hardly a fair specimen of the more scientific portion, *i. e.* of nine-tenths of Dr. Fau's essay, but it may suffice to shew that he is a man of acute general observation. His powers as an expounder of anatomical characteristics must be estimated by a careful study of his elaborate work itself. Dr. Fau has just been describing the appearance of man in his natural state.

"Let us now transport ourselves" (he continues) "into the midst of our towns, and great is the difference. Here the spirit kills the body, and too often finds a cruel aid in excesses of all kinds. The inhabitant of towns is generally meagre-looking, his body deformed with the stiff clothing in which fashion imprisons him; we must not ask from him either suppleness or strength; these are not for him. But at the same time in our cities we admire those beautiful heads where thought breathes, and which seem to tread the body under foot; those vast foreheads, those deep searching eyes; in a word, that physiognomy which is modified by the noble toils of intelligence, or by irresistible passions. I shall pass over in silence those deformed creatures, whose vast corpulence is too often the shameful result of over-eating and drinking. Among such, the spirit is almost always of no influence, the stomach reigns alone; the body takes its revenge, and stifles it in its thick covering. A form scarcely marked — a characterless countenance, now and then agreeable, but effeminate, and covered with a sickly paleness — hair arranged with a frivolous carelessness — soft and *nonchalant* postures — a skin whitened and shining through the frequent

* The students of the Academy can, it is true, have permission to visit the dissecting-rooms of King's College, and of making drawings from the subjects; but it is to be feared that few avail themselves of this opportunity of study; nor indeed, taking all things into consideration, can it be wondered that they should be slow in making use of the advantage. A perfect artist ought, however, to be familiar not only with the work of the hospital, but with that of the Veterinary College. To this latter portion of the subject we may take an early opportunity of returning.

use of cosmetics, in the attempt to recover a fine and silky texture; such is the *ensemble*, sometimes sufficiently graceful, though without energy, which marks the man favoured by fortune, or him whom the irresistible habits of luxury and idleness impel in those shameful paths where he can find means for his gratification.

"Men who are occupied with rough toils, — the blacksmith, the carpenter, the sailor, the street-porter, the field-labourer, &c. — have vigorous limbs and a robust trunk, especially when they abstain from debilitating excesses. Their figures are generally heavy, and well express force; but it is (if I may so say) a *massive* force; their limbs want suppleness and lightness. At the same time, we must note certain differences that prevail among such men. Thus, with some, the shoulders and arms seem developed at the expense of the lower members; with others, the latter is the predominant portion; and it is rare to find a perfect figure. The muscular arms of the blacksmith, his broad shoulders, his powerful chest, are very often supported on lanky legs; the street-porter frequently presents a more generally harmonious figure, but his back is arched, his legs bandy, his feet turned in, and often splayed; if the field-labourer had not the habit of always turning in a bent posture towards the sun, even at his time of repose, in him we should perhaps find the most perfect whole. The sailor would unite still more a fine figure with considerable suppleness but for his excessive debauches when on shore; and in his case we must take account of numberless privations, and of the effects of atmospheric variations, and the sicknesses to which he is constantly exposed."

We must not, however, omit to add, that the author of this treatise has conferred an additional benefit upon art, in the admirable anatomical statuette which was executed at his suggestion by M. Caudron, a young French artist of great skill and knowledge. An exactness of anatomical details unites with an elegant and vigorous form and posture to make this statuette one of the most valuable things of the kind which a painter or sculptor can possess. It is little known in this country; but there can be no doubt that a "demand" would instantly procure copies of it from Paris, where it is, or was not long ago, to be had of Mequignon-Marvis in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. A similar figure has also just been brought out in this country by Mr. Highley, which is said to be characterised by strict anatomical correctness.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

MR. UWINS indulges us this year with only one picture, possessed of such excellence, that it makes us the more regret that it should be the only one. The subject, "The Vintage in the Claret-vineyards of the South of France, on the banks of the Gironde" (No. 36), is very picturesquely treated, and the national peculiarity of physiognomy is nicely attended to, without allowing the retention of the square face and strongly marked cheek-bones to interfere, in any material degree, with the physical beauty of the figures of either sex. It is somewhat rare in the works of modern artists to find national individuality elegantly treated; it is too apt either to be thrust forward in unmitigated ugliness, or lost in a vague and unmeaning aim at prettiness.

The picture is painted in a fine full key of colour, and all the forms are remarkably solid in modelling, offering in this respect some contrast to its near neighbour, the slight though very clever group of Venetians disporting themselves on the Lido, by Mr. M'Innes. Mr. UWINS' principal rival in the representation of Italian scenes and subjects has been, and is yet Mr. Penry Williams, who has this year honoured the Royal Academy with a far larger amount of contributions than usual. His rendering and version of life in the sunny south is eminently *gentle*; and although costume, drawing, and detail of the most perfect workmanship are all to be met with in his pictures, the pretty conventionalities of colour, and the tricky and feeble handling, take from every subject the charm of freshness and originality, — take in fact, the perfume from the bouquet. In his largest picture the story is very prettily told, and the incident, one of those spontaneous pictures that seize hold at once upon the painter's memory and fancy, is very happily selected. Three peasant children of Olevano (near Rome) are occupied, with all the rapt and intense abstraction in the moment of present action peculiar to youth, in turning over a folio of sketches, the manifest property of a bearded and velvet-coated artist, who is seated working away at a few paces distance from them. The expression of delight in the little girl's face, and of sturdy imperturbable wonder in the little boy's, at discovering the portrait of some well-known character in the village, is admirably rendered, and the land-

scape and accessories are well and very carefully painted. The principal defect, however, is the total want of texture, the manner of execution strongly savouring of the tea-board school. Mr. Williams's other two pictures, "A young Goatherd of the Campagna of Rome" (No. 47), and "Italian Playmates" (No. 136), are extremely pretty, but liable in a still higher degree to the objection we have advanced against his larger and more ambitious attempt.

Mr. Stanfield has this year fully worked up to the pitch of perfection on which his previous labours have enthroned him, although his great picture, occupying one of the posts of honour, does not please us quite as well as its predecessor in the same honourable position last year. "Amalfi" (No. 217) is doubtless a noble landscape, brilliant and powerful in effect, delicate and graceful in execution, but yet, we must confess, somewhat conventional in both tone and treatment. Where is that heavenly blue phosphorescent water we have gazed on, till we have almost longed to be transformed into a triton for its sake? Whither have vanished all those thousand varying local hues and tints, that came to the eye fresh as the morning breeze, except where some slight wreathing vapour stole upwards, skirting the mountain-side, melting the too solid rock into thin empty air? The one is all gone, in dull green paint, the other lost in glazing, scumbling, and all sorts of contrivances to obtain what is called breadth and fusion of tint. The very white houses opposed to the very brown rock make a somewhat harsh though effective opposition. Yet, in spite of some few deficiencies, it is impossible not to feel that no one but Mr. Stanfield, or indeed poor Turner, would be likely to approximate so nearly to a just representation of the wondrous beauty and charm of the scenery of Amalfi and its region.

To our taste the *Avignon* picture is this year the *véritable coup de maître*. The exquisite transparency of the shadows and water, the beautiful sky, the luminous reflections, and the pleasant arrangement of colour, conspire to elevate this subject to a truly lofty position; and but for here and there a touch of mannerism, it would be almost faultless. The painting of the distance is most lovely.

Having exhausted almost all our expletives in admiration of this delightful production, let us pause for one moment to inquire why it is that Mr. Stanfield's "Mola di Gaeta, from the Appian Way," does not vividly express an Italian atmosphere. We imagine that as few competent to judge will be found to affirm that it does so, as to deny that, let it represent what it may, it is a very delightful work of art. We imagine that the reason is, because our artist is in the habit of sacrificing too much to obtain light and clearness in his fleecy clouds and blue sky. In the lower half of his pictures a warm yellowish glaze usually neutralises all pure blues, lowers all cool greys, and modifies the local colour of all objects; the eye, after basking for a moment in this flood of sunshine, naturally seeks for repose, which it finds in the cool, pure, light grey and blue tints of the skies; thence it reverts again with renewed satisfaction to the more glowing colours, and thus vibrates between the cool and warm scales in a most pleasurable alternation. Mr. Stanfield, feeling the comparative certainty of producing the sensation of enjoyment by setting his melody in this key, is a little too apt to forget that some subjects require transposition, and must be pitched considerably above or below his usual standard. In representing Italian scenes, no dilution of local colour can possibly be admitted; and (to turn to the works of another artist) the conventional blending and massing of Mr. Roberts' hues would give as little idea of Italy, as his manifestly forced arrangement of the "Ruins of Hermonthes, Upper Egypt" (No. 201) probably conveys of the real aspect of an Egyptian scene. As all the sketches and studies we have ever been fortunate enough to examine, that have been executed by this artist, are rather tinted drawings than finished studies fit for expansion into large pictures, it is little wonder that, for lack of more complete memoranda of nature's appearance, he should occasionally carry into his more extended works the conventionality he adopts in rendering his sketches effective, at the expense of veracity.

In the view of "Mont St. Michel" (No. 239), all the merits of his admirable drawing are developed, but the colouring and arrangement of chiaroscuro wear a highly artificial appearance. All the genuine brightness of nature has been lost sight of in an attempt to gain breadth of effect, and all the exquisite dexterity of execution fails to blind one to the fact. Mr. Roberts has always succeeded better in interior than exterior effects; his "Chancel of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul at Antwerp," painted for Robert Vernon, Esq., and through him for the nation, is one of the cleverest and best he has ever exhibited. All who have ever entered any of those glaring white and black churches we so frequently meet with abroad will doubtless recollect the chilling sensation with which he looked around him, and will wonder how any artist could possibly select so difficult a subject: as a problem in colour, it was almost as difficult of solution as the great one Mr. Landseer

has exhibited in his white snow and dark brown stag-picture. In both, the artists have shewn wonderful skill in enriching all tints, and overcoming all crudity, without producing any sensation of violent strain.

Though Mr. Cope's pictures this year do not rise to first-rate excellence, they justify the distinction he has received from his brother artists, and are no unworthy performances of an R.A. elect. If they fail in offering any very definite or vigorous embodiment of the *sentiment* of the scene or the character they represent, they are yet far better than mere figure-pieces, compiled for the occasion, and labelled with an historic or poetic name. The most ambitious of them, "The Reception of Wolsey at Leicester" (No. 11), on the whole, pleases us least, as there is a certain want of *power* in the picture, though it is all well studied, correct, and graceful, while portions, as the Cardinal himself, the Abbot, and especially one or two burly monks' heads on the right hand, are remarkably good. The Cardinal is made what he really was in every respect, except the colouring of his countenance, which is pink and fleshy, and *impossible* in an almost dying old man. The same monotonous unreal carnation is also too freely used in all the surrounding group. The "Il Pensero" (No. 262) of the same artist is elaborate, but somewhat painfully conceived; the form is too statuesque, and the countenance wants a little more soul; yet it is a fine picture. What is the particular mood in which "L'Allegro" (No. 240) is designed to be, we cannot divine, for the maid looks wondrous uncomfortable, and has a stunned, *egaré* look. The figure, however, is graceful and airy, and the child at her side is charmingly innocent, and beautifully drawn and painted. We are almost disposed to think that this displays more *genius* than Mr. Cope's other paintings.

Mr. Eddis has two pictures, called "Bereavement" (Nos. 8 and 18); of the sentimental school, pretty and poor. But what shall we say of Mr. Etty's performances? They are numerous enough, and varying in subject, including a landscape, a piece of still life, a man with an enormous beard, and a *quant. suff.* of the nude. Why does Mr. Etty so often very nearly disgust us, but not quite? Why are his pictures intolerable, yet not gross and sensual? We believe the secret to lie, as usual, in the artist's mind. He has no thought of what is impure, and therefore his works never shock the sensitive taste; but as expressions of certain ideas, or representations of certain realities, they are utterly absurd, because the artist has evidently looked to his painting a vast deal more than to truth of conception and of embodiment. And the consequence is, that here he has given us three half-naked women, with dishevelled hair, very carelessly painted, and has called the picture, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept" (No. 188); also, a man with an awful black beard, a violent stare, a peculiarly ill-set robe, and a brilliantly-jewelled breast-plate, and called it "Aaron, the High Priest of Israel" (215); and a great, big, blackguard-looking, short-bodied bully (being neither more nor less than one of the Life-Guardsmen or coal-porters who sit at the Academy as models), and called it "John the Baptist!" How sad it is that such unquestionable powers of colouring should be thrown away in such absurdities, and wasted on such slap-dash performances! The little studies of still life and forest foliage shew how much soul Mr. Etty's pencil can throw into less ambitious subjects, when it has something to express. His "Morning Prayers" (25) is an ably touched Gipsy Girl; but the designation is absurd.

Sir William Allan's military pieces are singularly little to our taste. They are gloomy without even being grim; and the notion of painting the Duke of Wellington in tears, especially when it is so dark that one can hardly make out his face at all, is something almost ludicrous. These two pictures of incidents in the lives of the rival captains are as doleful, fuliginous collections of men and horses, as ever battle-painter devised. As to the drawing and disposition of the *dramatis persona*, they display nothing to compensate for the unattractive look of the general scenes.

Mr. Cooper has, besides a fair allowance of horses and men in stiff activity and calm boisterousness, two or three of the queerest attempts at the human figure, and at the painting of flesh, we ever beheld. "Ariadne" (58) is intolerable, and the other essays at the poetic and historical, with which Mr. Cooper has favoured the world make us express a hope that he will, for the future, stick to forays and fights, and men and horses.

Mr. Lance presents us with some of his striking still-life pictures, as striking as ever. No man ever made out the details of fruit with more vigour and spirited detail. In 225, the leaves of the pine-apple are singularly well-rendered, with all those first symptoms of fading which are characteristic of the fruit when long kept, yet not often caught by the painter.

There is considerable merit, both of colour, idea, and handling, in Mr. Elmore's "Death of Robert, King of Naples" (282); yet there is a certain want of unity in the picture, pro-

duced as much, we think, by the painter's lack of correctness of eye as by any other cause. There is an ungainliness of form in all the figures, and the heads are almost always too large, and ill put on. The tone of the whole, too, though not brilliant, is somewhat flaring.

"The Landing of the Primitive Puritans" (308), by Mr. Lucy, is one of those unreal pictures, in which the people all look as if they were placed in certain postures in order to be drawn, and all put on a certain lachrymose expression of countenance in order to look devout. If the "Pilgrim Fathers" are really meant to be engaged in prayer, why are they almost all standing bolt upright?

"Meditation," by Mr. Hart (No. 358), is a tolerable head; but the hair of the lady is more prominent than her meditativeness. Like so many paintings professing sentiment, it is unimpressive, being rather a clever study than a picture.

There is a good deal of character, without caricature, in Mr. Frith's "Old Woman accused as a Witch" (395); and still more in Mr. Egg's "Queen Elizabeth discovers that she is no longer young" (No. 529). The latter especially tells its tale forcibly, and is finished with more than common regard to the proprieties of figure and costume. The "Virgin Queen" looks as ungracious as even she could look, flattered in her isolation by the adulation of the obsequious courtiers. Mr. Frith, we should add, has two other of his carefully studied though somewhat carelessly finished scenes, in the "Stage-coach Adventure" (573), and the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (591); although, in both of these, he betrays a tendency to exaggeration.

In Mr. Danby's "Evening Gun" (595), and "Marius at the Ruins of Carthage" (477), the upper portions of the pictures are more like reality than the lower. Both are elaborate in the extreme; but the artist has given the transparency of the sky with far greater truth than the murky reflections in the water, and the shadows in the desolate walls of the pride of ancient Africa. "A view of the Gledwr Mountains" (527), by Mr. T. Danby, is an ably-conceived and *ideal* landscape, though somewhat cold in tone and literal in execution.

Of the portraits in the Exhibition, there is little to say; and they are, fortunately, few. We are disposed to think Mr. Horsley's portrait of Mr. Brunel one of the best of them. It is more like the *man*, and less like his superficial nose, eyes, and mouth, than most of the other portraiture of the human countenance hung up on the walls. Mr. Knight has a good many portraits, none of them commanding much higher praise than that they are probably very like, and tolerably painted, though there is an uncertainty and indecision in the painter's drawing and colouring of the features which is every where evident. Of course, an artist is not to be judged by his success or failure in such unpromising subjects as a crowd of soldiers, in red coats and stiff leather stocks, standing up or sitting down to be drawn, or we should say that Mr. Knight in his "Peninsular Heroes" made us wonder how such a set of brainless-looking individuals ever commanded even a troop of infantry. Mr. Watson Gordon's portraits are generally clever; but he is sadly given to a leaden hue in his shadows, and his flesh-tints are altogether cold and unsatisfactory; and there is a heavy dulness in their general look. Mr. Grant's heads are a trifle more lively; but they all lack individuality and vigour, and that correctness of lineament, without which no portrait is a real picture; while the tone of his colouring is any thing but faultless. His most pleasing effort is No. 67, "The Daughters of the Duke of Norfolk," which is ladylike and unaffected, though slight. Mrs. Carpenter has a graceful head of Lady Jones (432). Her "Lacemaker" (234) is less successful; there is an unpleasant rawness about the flesh-tints, not redeemed by any particular meaning or colour in the rest of the picture. To those who want to see what a fat citizen looks like in presence of royalty, and how to *do* a court-scene, we recommend No. 642, by Mr. Alaux, "His Ex-Majesty Louis Philippe receiving the address of the city of London at Windsor."

Mr. Webster's pictures are as near perfection, or even nearer, than they usually are: a cleverer piece of expression-painting than is given us in his "Rubber" (No. 176) is not to be seen in the Exhibition. Suspense and doubt are written in the old man's face, whose turn it evidently is to play; the consciousness of approaching triumph lights up every feature of his elder antagonist's head; while the impetuosity and *insouciance* of youth is stamped as legibly on the figure, and in the freer and more listless attitude of his younger, the *beau-ideal* of a butcher's boy. The louring and portentous-looking partner completes the quartett, than which one more apparently harmonious was never arranged. The perfection with which the story is told, the unrestrained and appropriate character of every movement, the unity of purpose in all the figures, and the ingenious manner in which each one contributes to develop the account for the action of the others, combined with the charm of perfect expression and true colouring, elevate this otherwise trivial subject into a loftier position than that occu-

pied by many of the more directly historical productions. It would, indeed, be well for many of the rising artists who are bending their attention to severer art, if they would borrow from Mr. Webster's unambitious style some of those valuable ingredients that constitute it. Mr. Dickens is, we believe, the happy possessor of the charming little gem, "The interior Economy of Dotheboys Hall" (No. 135), and he is to be eminently congratulated upon it.

Mr. Redgrave has this year deviated considerably from his usual style, and has produced some landscapes; one of them, "The Skirts of a Wood" (No. 318), is worthy of a far better place than it occupies, being in many respects superior to the great majority of similar woodland-scenes exhibited. The light breaking behind the trees, and the deep umbrageous foliage, are delightfully painted.

His "Country Cousins" (No. 173), commissioned, happily for us, by Mr. Vernon, is more essentially Redgravian in style, possessing much of his peculiar merit, and exhibiting some of those artificialities which prevent the dramatic incidents of his story from taking their full effect upon the sympathies. The care and elaboration that have been bestowed on the costume and accessories is worthy of all commendation; and the charm of finish conveys a tacit lesson to more than one slap-dash genius.

Mr. Henry O'Neil, in his "Catherine of Arragon appealing to Henry VIII." (542), has made a decided step forward; the composition is freer, and the colour somewhat more solid than usual.

Mr. Poole displays, as he always does, much eccentric talent; and we can only regret that the head of his principal figure is a failure, and that there is a considerable monotony in the character of the females, suggesting the idea that they were all painted from one model.

We are sorry to observe Mr. F. R. Pickersgill (the Associate), whose colouring has hitherto been devoid of any striking mannerism, aiming at Giorgione effects. They are any thing but beautiful, excepting when regulated by that master's extraordinary taste and refinement.

Mr. E. M. Ward's "Highgate Fields during the Great Fire of London in 1666" (No. 416) is most elaborately got up, and full of clever incident and character; but unfortunately the lights fight, and the eye rests without satisfaction upon the general surface of the picture. His "Interview between Charles II. and Nell Gwynne, as witnessed by Evelyn," is much more agreeable; the air of pert pleasantness about sweet Mrs. Nelly, the *blasé* expression of the King, and the semi-puritanical look of Evelyn at being made a spectator of the scene, are very admirably given. The details and accessories are painted and studied with Mr. Ward's own peculiar care.

"Beating the Boundaries of a Parish" (461) is a parochial performance in treatment as in subject. We doubt whether Mr. Rippingille would obtain many suffrages in praise of his work, except from such local "celebrities" as he has given himself a great deal of unnecessary trouble to represent.

Mr. Witherington's landscapes are agreeable, as are many of those by Mrs. Blacklock, Boddington, Bright, Linnell, &c.

We are very glad to observe Mr. Frank Stone's aspirations; and although the present produce may not be perfect, we feel sure, from his refined taste and feeling, that when he has a little more accustomed himself to religious art, he will produce very beautiful works. What is wanting at present is earnest expression, and a little severer study of form; Martha's feet are especially unrefined, and bear manifest marks of the action of the shoe.

Music.

Honest and Happy: a Ballad. By R. F. Lowell.

An Englishman's Hope. By the same. Purday.

MR. LOWELL writes clever and spirited ballads, with accompaniments decidedly above the average run of modern piano-forte twaddle. He has an ear for a flowing melody, and some degree of originality besides. The second of his two songs before us is especially bold and marked in the phrases, and sings well and easily.

Think ere you speak: a Ballad. By N. J. Sporle.

Purday.

NOTWITHSTANDING a striking reminiscence of the mermaid's song in *Oberon*, contained in the first few bars of this ballad, it is a pretty little thing in its way, suited to the drawing-room, and to voices of moderate compass. *Now or never*, also by Mr. Sporle, is a melody of the same class, but would have been more really satisfactory with a little more varied modulation in the accompaniment. The tiresome iteration of the same bass notes in modern songs is one of their worst features, and is more intimately connected with mawkishness of melody than their composers are generally aware.

The Lay of the Young Troubador ; Fear not, if while around thee : Ballads. By H. M'Kenzie. Purday. HERE again the milk-and-watery sing-song of the piano-forte spoils what might have been fair melodies for the voice. There is a medium between this twaddle and the break-jaw elaborations of German chromatics, which is the great desideratum in all these kind of compositions. A little study, care, and thought would enable Mr. M'Kenzie to attain some measure of this grand requisite to tolerable music.

Journal of the Week.

May 5.—Lord J. Russell last night in the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. Urquhart, said that the treaty between Spain and England fully justified Lord Palmerston's recent despatch to Mr. Bulwer, desiring him to give advice to the Spanish Government on their proper line of policy. Lord Palmerston also said that the Spanish Government had not demanded Mr. Bulwer's recall.

Sir F. Thesiger spoke against the Jewish Emancipation Bill, and other members also. Mr. R. Palmer made a clever speech in its favour, but was not well listened to. Lord John Russell wound up the debate. He said it was no opinion of his that religion had nothing to do with politics, or that Christianity should be kept out of sight in the discussions of that House. His opinion was directly the reverse ; for he held that Christianity was the source of the most enlightened laws which modern legislation had produced. What he had maintained was, that you could not by special declarations, or words introduced at the fag end of an oath, or by the formalities of a statute, obtain either a religious spirit or a general acknowledgement of Christianity. He then repeated his former arguments, contending that it was contrary not only to the spirit of the British constitution, but also to that of Christianity, to keep up religious exclusions, and to deprive men of political franchises on account of their religious opinions. The bill was then ordered to be read a third time by a large majority.

An Irish paper makes the following announcement :—Yesterday the Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy attended in Nenagh chapel to distribute holy oils. The clergy of the Birr and Nenagh deaneries met his Lordship. The Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy continued the suspension of the Rev. A. Nolan, P.P., Monsea, in this part of the diocese ; and suspended the Rev. J. Kenyon, V.P., Templederry, and the Rev. J. Birmingham, P.P., Borrisokane, till they unequivocally retracted their recent speeches and letters on repeal.

The Provisional Government of France have published a decree granting an extraordinary credit for war purposes (believed to refer to an intention of immediate interference in Italy) of three million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. The *Moniteur* publishes an address signed by the members of the Provisional Government to the citizens, telling them that the Government is about to resign the trust confided to them by the people into the hands of their representatives, and thanking them for the devoted assistance they have received from them.

The atrocities at Presburg committed against the Jews have continued in shocking forms. The Jewish Hospital has been attacked, and the sick and dying were driven into the streets. As the only means of appeasing the riot, the magistrates ordered all the Jews within a certain point on the Castle-hill to quit the town. The Hungarians resident in Vienna had voted an address to the Minister of Justice at Pesth, urging him to use every means to detect and punish the perpetrators of these atrocities.

May 6.—In the House of Lords last night a long debate took place on Lord Palmerston's late Spanish despatch. Lord Stanley vigorously attacked it, and Lord Lansdowne defended it, on the ground that the letter was garbled in a very important part, and that Mr. Bulwer exceeded his instructions in shewing the letter at all to the Spanish Government. M. Guizot was in the House listening most attentively to the debate.

In the Commons the Alien Bill was reported ; and a discussion took place on Lord Morpeth's Health of Towns Bill. Several members attacked it ; Col. Sibthorp saying, that he

looked upon dirt as a portion of the good old English Constitution, or something tantamount to it. Lord Morpeth defended the bill, and Lord Lincoln gave it a qualified approbation ; and the debate was adjourned.

The details of the opening of the French Assembly are very curious and interesting. The decree about the dress of the members has been generally disregarded, but the blouses have disappeared. Father Lacordaire appeared in his monk's habit. All went on *selon règle*, till the veteran republican soldier, General Courtais, interrupted a warm and somewhat desultory discussion on the necessity for the unqualified adoption by the Assembly of the Republic, with these words : " Citizen Representatives, the people demand that the members of the Provisional Government have the goodness to present themselves to them on the portico of the Palace (Chamber), and that the National Assembly have the goodness to accompany them." This proposition was received with loud exclamations, in which cheering vastly predominated. When silence was in some degree restored, General Courtais added : " In consequence, I propose that the Provisional Government and the citizen representatives proceed to the portico of the Palace." Then followed a grand *spectacle*. The representatives shewed themselves to the people ; and amid astounding shouts and the thunders of the cannon, the Republic was again proclaimed.

The Austrian cause is advancing in Italy, General Nugent having definitely taken possession of Udine. The Duke of Parma has been detained in Bologna, on the authority of the Cardinal Legate of that city.

May 8.—The following momentous, but to us not unexpected, intelligence, appears in the Paris *Moniteur* : " The Pope having refused to declare war against Austria, an insurrection took place, the Ministry resigned, and the Pope was allowed by the insurgents only twenty-four hours to decide. If he were to refuse, a Provisional Government would immediately be instituted."

The French National Assembly has been occupied in verifying the elections of its members, and in receiving the reports of the various members of the Provisional Government on their acts since the revolution. All are well received. Buzet, an old republican, but a moderate one, has been elected President of the Assembly.

In Rhenish Prussia the elections have passed off quietly, though in Treves there have been serious disturbances. The Prussian troops have entered the territory of Denmark, carrying the war over the frontier of Jutland. In Prussian Poland fresh ferocious contests between the Prussian troops and the insurgent Poles have caused blood to flow in torrents.

At home, the annual distribution of prizes in the medical department of King's College, and University College, London, took place last Saturday. At the former, the Archbishop of Canterbury made a short and sensible speech ; at the latter, Lord Brougham made a long and inimitably absurd one. The agitation in Ireland is evidently somewhat lulled, through the operation of the new "gagging act."

May 9.—The House of Lords again discussed Lord Palmerston's Spanish despatches, which were attacked by Lord Stanley and Aberdeen, and defended by Lord Lansdowne. In the Commons an interesting debate took place on the Health of Towns Bill. Lord John Russell announced a change in the proposed board of management, which is now to be under the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests as a President, with two other unpaid Commissioners. The chief speech in favour of the bill was Lord Ashley's, who urgently pressed the moral aspect of sanitary reform, stating, most truly, that a frightful amount of vice is the result of the wretched state of the homes of the poor.

A Committee of Government is to be immediately appointed for France, consisting of five members, under the presidency of M. Lamartine (M. Dupont de l'Eure having refused it). General Duvivier and MM. Arago and Marie will be members, but who the fourth (fifth) will be is not certain. His friends, and the discreet among those who oppose him, wish M. Ledru Rollin to be the fifth member. *La Liberté*

states, that within the last eight days M. Lamartine has received more than 20 letters threatening him with assassination. The 4th of May was the day fixed for the perpetration of the deed.

May 10.—In the House of Commons Lord G. Bentinck asked Lord J. Russell a question with respect to her Majesty's commands to the ladies of England, that in attending the Court they should appear attired in no dress save that which was exclusively the product of native industry. A conversation then arose regarding the propriety of issuing such commands, and on the merits of the free-trade system and the protective system respectively.

Mr. Macgregor then brought under the consideration of the House the management and expenditure of our naval dock-yards, for the purpose of shewing that the expense of them might be materially reduced without impairing the efficiency of our naval power. A debate followed, and the motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Urquhart then moved an address to her Majesty, representing that the intervention undertaken in her name in Portugal is unlawful, and praying her Majesty to forbid the continuation of this, or the repetition of similar measures by her servants. The House was counted out before the Hon. Member could finish his speech.

In the National Assembly in Paris the Provisional Government has finished its report upon its own conduct; and, notwithstanding a violent outbreak of M. Barbès, the Assembly has voted its thanks to them. Upwards of 400 members were present at meetings on Sunday in the different bureaux, to deliberate on the form and composition of a temporary commission of government. The Assembly unanimously refused to accept the poet Béranger's resignation of his seat.

On Saturday night last all the Republican Clubs in Paris voted, by acclamation, a resolution, of which the object is to call on the National Assembly immediately to interfere actively in the affairs of Poland and of Italy.

There has been a commotion in Vienna against the Archbishop, because he has attempted a very slight movement for the protection of the religious order of the Ligurians.

Mr. Smith O'Brien has been deprived of his commission as a justice of the peace; and the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin has been occupied in considering Mr. Mitchell's pleas for procrastinating his trial.

May 11.—Whatever be the truth of the details of the Roman news of yesterday and this day, it is clear that Pius IX. was only the *nominal* sovereign of Rome on the 1st of May. It is difficult to ascertain the exact facts that have occurred, but it appears that the Pope had yielded to the persuasions of Mauriani, who announced to the people that the Ministers remained, except Cardinal Antonelli, replaced by him, Mauriani. The Ministers possess full power over all temporal affairs, including the question of war. All the private correspondence of the Cardinals, which had been seized, was read to the public on the Capitol by a Senator. Mauriani, after haranguing the people, made the following declarations:—1. No priest shall be appointed to fill any public employment. 2. War shall be formally declared. 3. Pius IX. is the head of the Government. 4. A daily official bulletin shall be published of the great war. 5. Encouragement shall be afforded to the Roman youth to arm and to proceed to drive the barbarians from Italy.—Some arrests have been made, and amongst others the Commander of the fort of Ancona. The Cardinals are gathering round the Pope now that they see his departure is impossible, for which they had made every preparation. The Ministers have promised to press the war, and to co-operate with the other powers of the State to drive out the Austrians. The Austrian Minister was to be expelled from Rome.

The agitation in Paris is great, but it is hoped that it may be calmed by the nomination of Ledru Rollin to the second place in the "interim" executive. The new ministers stand as follows: Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Arago, Marie, Garnier Pagès. The democracy of Vienna is rapidly increasing in power.

In Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Bermingham has addressed to one of the papers, the following retraction:

"Borrisokane, May 7.

"Sir,—I deeply regret having caused to be published in the *Nation* newspaper of the 22d of April a letter by which I have incurred, and doubtless justly, the displeasure and severe censure of my Bishop. I now fully and entirely retract this letter, as appearing to others, and to myself on more mature consideration, to have a tendency to incite to civil war, with its deplorable consequences. As a minister of religion and a Christian I deeply deplore that this letter should have a meaning so much at variance with the teaching of our Divine Redeemer and his blessed apostles; and I beg leave to express, through the medium of your respectable journal, these my sentiments of regret, and my retraction of the letter. I am, &c.

JAMES BERMINGHAM, P.P."

A frightful accident took place yesterday on the Great Western Railway, to the express train from Exeter. The train ran into a horse-box left on the line, and six passengers were killed.

Documents.

PIUS IX. ON WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

Allocution of the Pope in the Secret Consistory, held on Saturday, 29th April.

MORE than once, venerable brothers, we have, in your presence, expressed our abhorrence of the audacity of some who have not hesitated so to calumniate us, and in us this Apostolic See, as to pretend that we have departed in several particulars from the holy institutes of our predecessors, and even, dreadful to say, from the very doctrine of the Church herself. Nor are there wanting at this moment men who speak of us as though we were the chief author of those public commotions which have recently taken place, not only in other parts of Europe, but in Italy also. Especially we have heard from the Austrian part of Germany, that a report is there disseminated among the people that the Roman Pontiff, both through spies whom he has sent, and by the use of other arts, has excited the people of Italy to introduce fresh changes of public affairs. We have heard also that some enemies of the Catholic religion are seizing this opportunity to inflame the minds of the Germans with a desire of revenge, and to alienate them from the unity of the Holy See. Now, although we do not doubt but that the Catholic nations of Germany, and the most excellent prelates who preside over them, abhor most thoroughly the wickedness of these men, yet we know it is our duty to provide against any scandal which unwise and simple people might take at these things, and to refute a calumny which reflects such disgrace, not only upon our own humble person, but also upon the supreme Apostolate which we hold, and this Holy See. And since these same slanderers of ours, not being able to bring forward any proof of the machinations which they attribute to us, seek to bring into suspicion what we have done in the administration of the temporal affairs of the Pontificate; therefore, that we may deprive them even of this handle for their calumnies, it is our intention to-day, in your presence, clearly and openly to unfold the cause of all these things.

It is not unknown to you, venerable brothers, that even from the end of the reign of Pius VII., our predecessor, the principal powers of Europe have taken pains to suggest to the Apostolic See, that in the administration of its civil affairs, it should adopt a more popular method, corresponding to the desires of the laity. Afterwards, in 1831, these their counsels and wishes were made known in a more solemn way by that famous memorandum which the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Kings of the French, Great Britain, and Prussia, thought fit to send through their representatives. That document, amongst other things, treated of a plan for assembling at Rome a Consulta di Stato from the whole Papal dominions, and for restoring or amplifying the establishment of municipalities, and appointing provincial assemblies; moreover, for extending these and other institutions to all the provinces for the convenience of all, and for allowing access to the laity to all those offices which concerned either judicial matters or the administration of public affairs; and these two last heads were proposed as *vital* principles of government. Other writings of these ambassadors treated of granting an ample pardon to all, or nearly to all, who had swerved from fidelity to their ruler in the Pontifical dominions. Every one knows that some of these things were done by our immediate predecessor, Gregory XVI., and that others were promised in the edicts published by his command in the same year, 1831. But these benefits of our predecessor did not appear fully to correspond to the wishes which had been expressed by the powers of Europe, nor to be sufficient for establishing the public welfare and

tranquillity throughout the whole temporal possessions of the Holy See.

We, therefore, as soon as by God's inscrutable judgments we were called into his place, not stirred up by the advice or exhortations of any, but moved solely by our great love for the people subject to the temporal government of the Church, granted a free pardon to those who had wandered from the fidelity due to the Pontifical government; and we immediately hastened to make certain institutions, which we judged would be for the advantage of that people. And all those things which we did in the beginning of our Pontificate plainly agree with what the princes of Europe had so earnestly desired. But when, by God's help, our counsels had been brought to a good issue, both our own and the neighbouring people began so to exult with joy, and so to pursue us with public expressions of their thankfulness and regard, that we were obliged to take means for recalling to the rule of duty those popular clamours, applauses, and meetings, which even in this our city were proceeding too violently.

Afterwards, the words of our Allocution to you, venerable brothers, in the Consistory, held on the 4th of October, last year, are known to all, in which we commended the fatherly kindness and more forward zeal of the princes towards their subjects, and exhorted anew the people themselves to that fidelity and obedience which was due to their princes. Nor have we ceased ever since, as far as in us lay, again and again to admonish and exhort all firmly to adhere to Catholic doctrine, to keep the commandments of God and the Church, and to observe mutual concord, quietness, and charity towards all men.

And would that the wished-for success had attended our paternal words and exhortations! But every one knows the public disturbances of the people of Italy, of which we have spoken above, and the other events which, whether in Italy or out of it, have happened either before or since. But if any one choose to contend, that some way was made open for events of this kind from those things which, in the beginning of our sacred reign, were kindly and benevolently done by us, certainly he can in no way ascribe it to any intention of ours, who have done nothing but that which, not to us only, but also to the aforesaid powers, seemed good for the prosperity of our temporal dominions. And as to those who, in these our dominions, have abused our kindnesses, we, following the example of the Divine Prince of Pastors, forgive them from the bottom of our heart, and most lovingly recall them to more wholesome counsels; and humbly beg from God, the Father of mercies, that He will, of his clemency, turn away from their necks those scourges with which He warns the ungrateful. Neither could the aforesaid people of Germany be reasonably indignant against us, if we have been unable to restrain the ardour of those men who, from the midst of our temporal dominions, have chosen to applaud the things done against them in the north of Italy, and, inflamed with a zeal equal to that of the rest for the interests of their own nation, have contributed their aid to the same cause with the other people of Italy. Many other European powers, whose military force is far superior to ours, have been alike unable at this time to withstand the commotion of their people. Yet in this state of things we did not choose that any other order should be given to our soldiers sent to the confines of our dominions, than that they should defend the integrity and security of the Pontifical State.

But since some persons now demand that we should, in common with the other people and princes of Italy, wage war against the Germans, we have judged it to be our duty plainly and openly to declare in this your solemn assembly, that such a design is altogether abhorrent to our counsels; since, however unworthily, we are on earth His vicegerent who is the Author of peace and lover of charity, and since, in accordance with the duty of our supreme Apostolate, we yearn after and embrace all kingdoms, people, and nations, with an equal earnestness of fatherly affection. But if, notwithstanding this, there are not wanting among our subjects some who are carried away by the example of the other Italians, how are we able to restrain their ardour?

And here we cannot but repudiate openly, in the sight of all nations, the private designs, set forth in public journals and pamphlets, of certain persons who would wish that the Roman Pontiff should preside over some new Republic to be made out of all the people of Italy. Moreover, we take this opportunity most earnestly to admonish and exhort the people of Italy themselves, out of our great love towards them, that they be most diligently upon their guard against cunning schemes of this sort, which are prejudicial to the true interests of Italy; we exhort them to cling firmly to their own princes, whose benevolence they have experienced, and never suffer themselves to be torn away from the obedience which is due to them. For if they should act otherwise, not only would they be wanting in their own proper duty, but they would also run a great

risk of distracting Italy more and more every day by discord and internal factions. For ourselves, we declare again and again, that the Roman Pontiff directs his every thought, care, and desire, to this one end,—the daily increase of Christ's kingdom, the Church; not the extension of that civil principality with which the Providence of God has willed that this see should be endowed, both for its own dignity and for the preservation of the free exercise of the supreme Apostolate. Great is their error, therefore, who think that our mind can be seduced, by the ambition of possessing a more extensive temporal dominion, into throwing ourselves into the midst of the tumult of war. It would be most grateful, indeed, to our paternal heart, if, by any labour, care, and zeal which we can bestow, it might be given to us to extinguish the flames of discord, to reconcile the minds of the combatants, and to restore peace between them.

Meanwhile, whilst we have heard, with no slight consolation of our mind, that in many places, both in Italy and out of it, amid this great disturbance of public affairs, our faithful sons have not been wanting in their reverence to sacred things and to the ministers of sacred things, yet we lament, with our whole soul, that this reverence has not been shewn every where. Nor can we refrain from lamenting in this assembly that most calamitous habit, which is especially increasing in our times, of publishing all sorts of pernicious pamphlets, which either wage war against our most holy religion and good morals, or which inflame civil tumults and discord; which seek to lay hold of the property of the Church, and to attack its most sacred rites, or assail the most excellent men with false accusations.

These things we have thought proper to communicate to you to-day, venerable brothers. Now, it only remains for us to join together in offering, with humility of heart, most assiduous and fervent prayers to God, that He will vouchsafe to defend his holy Church from all adversity; that He will mercifully look down upon us from on high, and preserve us; and that He will vouchsafe to recall all princes and people to a desire for peace and concord.

Miscellanies.

THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

A MISUNDERSTANDING has taken place as to the administration of the affairs of the Association for Promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland. The following is a condensed account of the grievances complained of by the movement party:

In the first place, we object that the "constitution, rules, and regulations," have not been strictly carried out, and that one of the most important laws has been completely evaded. Rule I. provides, that a general meeting of the members shall be held annually in May, for electing the committee, but no such meeting is ever called. The names of the committee are read over at the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes, but as the members do not compose a third part of those present on such occasions, it is impossible that the election of office-bearers, or any other matter requiring a vote, can then be taken up.—In the second place, we object that the constitution, rules, and regulations have, in several instances, been directly violated. 1. By Rule II., the whole annual subscriptions, after paying the necessary expenses of management, are to be spent in purchasing works of art, and engraving a picture. Yet, of the subscriptions a large and annually increasing sum is now reserved, from which those who do not continue members derive no benefit. 2. It is provided by Rule III., that the committee shall consist of fifteen gentlemen, not professional artists—a law evidently intended to guard against the bias an artist may have for his own department of art; and by Rule VIII., that a secretary and a treasurer shall be appointed out of the committee; yet the present secretary, who is also treasurer, is a professional artist acting on the committee. 3. It is provided by Law VI., that the purchase of works of art "shall take place during the period the exhibition is open to the public;" but many works have been purchased after the exhibition had closed.—In the third place, we object that the rules and regulations have at different times been changed, and some of them entirely omitted, without sufficient authority from the members.—In the fourth place, we protest against the large and increasing amount of disbursements for management, and against the apparent omission in the accounts, since 1843-4, of interest on the current receipts and the reserved fund. To these observations we beg leave to append a table exhibiting the results of the management, against which we feel ourselves called upon to remonstrate. It has been compiled from the Annual Reports of the Committee, in so far as the somewhat varying states of the accounts will admit of comparison, and establishes—I. That since 1840-1, the subscriptions have diminished, especially in Edinburgh, 30 per cent. II. That in

1834-5, the sums spent in the purchase of works of art amounted to 86 per cent on the gross receipts of the association; the expenses to 8½ per cent; and the reserved fund to 5 per cent. III. That last year the proportions were for works of art 38 per cent; for expenses, 28½ per cent; and for reserved fund, 22½ per cent.—*Daily News.*

THE PICTURES OF THE LATE M. CASIMIR PERIER—A portion of the collection of pictures of the late M. Casimir Perier, of the highest class of the Dutch school, were sold by auction by Messrs. Christie and Manson, King Street, St. James's, on Friday last. There were twenty-six pictures. The first lot, a Stag-hunt, in a woody landscape, the figures richly attired, brought 255 guineas. Lot 3. Cuyp, Cavaliers watering their horses at a country inn, formerly in Mr. Erard's collection, brought 185 guineas: it was bought by the Marquis of Hertford. Lot 4. Cuyp, a River scene, with figures in a ferry-boat, brought 170 guineas. Lot 5. Hobbema, "les deux Mares," view in a forest, was bought by Mr. Brown for 558 guineas. Lot 6. P. de Hooghe, an interior with two female figures, bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 270 guineas. Lot 8. Metzu, a Dutch kitchen (formerly in the collection of Mr. Harman), was bought by the same nobleman for 240 guineas. Lot 9. Vander Neer, "Sunset on a River," brought 180 guineas. Lot 11. Paul Potter, "l'Hôtellerie," brought 430 guineas. These two last were purchased by Mr. Watson. Lot 12. Rembrandt, his own portrait, 280 guineas, bought by the Marquis of Hertford. Lot 13. A Water-mill, Ruysdael, 350 guineas, bought by Mr. Gardner. Lot 14. Jan Steen, "Les noces de Cana," 190 guineas. Lot 15. Teniers, "Le Roi Boit," the celebrated engraved picture, 132 guineas, bought by Mr. Stone. Lot 16. Terburg, "La Causeuse," 310 guineas, bought by Mr. Watson. Lot 17. Terburg, "La Liseuse," a lady reading, 610 guineas, bought by the Marquis of Hertford. Lot 18. W. Van de Velde, "A Sea-fight," 160 guineas, bought by Mr. Wyatt. Lot 19. W. Van de Velde, "A Calm," 550 guineas, bought by Mr. Gardner. Lot 20. Wouvermans, "A Camp of Gipsies," 210 guineas. Lot 21. Wouvermans, "Les Sables," a view in Holland, early morning, formerly in the Choiseul cabinet, 390 guineas, bought by the Marquis of Hertford. Lot 22. Wouvermans, "Le Défilé du Duc de Vendôme," 610 guineas, bought by Mr. Darby. Lot 23. Wynants, a landscape, the figures by Lingelbach, 230 guineas, bought by Mr. Gardner. Lot 24. Canaletti, a view in Venice, 110 guineas, bought by the Marquis of Hertford. Lot 25. Canaletti, "The Dogana," and "Church of St. Maria della Salute," its companion, 150 guineas, bought by Mr. Grisell. Lot 26. Velasquez, a portrait of Philip IV., 180 guineas, bought by Mr. Stone.

EMERSON'S PATENT CEMENT PAINT.—This appears to be a promising and convenient material for persons who are in a hurry to make their walls and houses fit to be seen, and at a little cost. It has none of the shine of oil paint, furnishing an imitation of the surface of stone, and can be applied to plastering and Roman cement while they are yet wet, and whatever be the state of the weather. It seems just the thing for London and its neighbourhood.

STATISTICS OF THE PARISIAN BARRICADES.—We find it stated in the *Constitutionnel*, that during the days of the 23d and 24th of February, 1512 barricades were erected in Paris. Each barricade required on an average 845 paving-stones, so that the people in a few hours must have torn up 1,277,640 paving-stones. There were also 4013 trees, some of them of very large size, cut down; 3704 lamp-posts broken down, and between 3000 and 4000 lamps broken; 53 guard-houses were burnt or torn down, and about 600 watch-boxes and small wooden bureaux destroyed. In this calculation no mention is made of the iron-railings which were torn down at the Bourse and many of the churches and other public buildings.

PUBLIC PETITIONS.—A return obtained by Mr. Brotherton, M.P., shews that the total number of petitions presented to Parliament during the last fifteen years amounts to 189,240, of which 17,661 were printed; and the total number of signatures affixed, to 52,845,103. It must be observed, however, that the number of signatures above given by no means clearly indicates the number of persons who have expressed their wishes to Parliament by petition. Numerous petitions have been signed by individuals on behalf of public meetings—by moderators on behalf of presbyteries; by presidents, secretaries, or clerks, on behalf of bodies of persons, such as benefit societies, temperance societies, and other associations, boards of guardians, &c. Numerous petitions have also been presented under seal. The number of persons who have petitioned Parliament is thus much greater than those who have actually affixed their names to petitions. The decrease in the number of petitions printed is to be accounted for by the increasing practice of sending forms throughout the country for signature. The aggregate amount

of the sums paid for printing, folding, &c. reports and appendices and indices to reports on public petitions varies from 900*l.* to 1410*l.* annually.

PRUSSIAN PRINTS.—A decision of some importance has recently taken place with reference to the privilege of the admission of prints imported from Prussia at the lesser rate of duty imposed by the convention between that country and the United Kingdom in contradistinction to the duty leviable on those brought from non-privileged states. In the instance alluded to, a parcel of several thousands of prints, which had been published within the dominions of Prussia, and bore the name of the publisher and place of publication, had been lying in the bonded warehouse since May 1845, and the owner requested their delivery at the duty of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ each (half the general rated duty on foreign prints, single) under the recent reciprocity act with Prussia. The point for consideration was whether, as these prints were warehoused before the convention under which the duty was reduced on Prussian prints was ratified and came into operation, and also before the act empowering the Queen to issue the Order in Council on the subject was passed, they were entitled to admission at the reduced rate of duty permitted by the privilege alluded to; and it has been decided, that under the Order in Council of the 27th of August, 1846, the prints are only chargeable with the duty of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ each, as that amount of duty was thereby imposed in lieu of the duties which were heretofore payable on prints, and orders were given for them to be admitted at the lesser rate.

TRANSMISSION OF BOOKS BY POST.—An important change has been made in the Post-office regulations on this subject, to which we call our readers' attention. It is ordered that every packet forwarded by post, containing any printed book, magazine, review, or pamphlet, shall be sent without a cover, or in a cover open at the ends or sides, and shall contain printed matter only, and that there shall be no writing or marks on the cover other than the names and addresses of the sender and of the person to whom it is to be forwarded. *Any other writing may, however, be on any leaf of any book, &c., so sent, or on the binding thereof, provided that all such last-mentioned writing be on one and the self-same page of the book or corresponding portion of the binding.* If these regulations be not complied with, or if any packet shall exceed in length, or breadth, or width, or depth, 24 inches, or shall contain more than one book, &c., then, if the postage shall not be duly and properly prepaid by stamps when posted, such packet shall be chargeable with a postage of double the amount of postage it would have otherwise been liable to; or if the stamps affixed to such packet be less than the rate of postage required, there shall be charged thereon a postage of double the amount of the difference between the value of such stamps and the full postage.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS.—During the present week a Roman vault has been discovered in fine preservation in an excavation near to Mr. Close's residence, without the city-wall, York. Labourers were employed in excavating gravel to be used as ballast on the railway, and at the depth of about four feet from the surface they came to several large blocks of hammer-dressed stone. These being removed, they were found to compose the cover of a Roman vault. The blocks each weigh half a ton, and are of grit, probably from Bramley Fall. Pursuing the discovery, it was found that the sides were each composed of two blocks of stone, with two shorter blocks at the end. The whole formed an area on the bed of gravel, there being no stone under it. It was found that the vault had contained a coffin composed of cedar-wood, which was greatly decayed. The coffin had no lid, and the course of interment appears to have been, that the body, wrapped in cloth, had been thus deposited in the coffin, which was 6 feet long by 19 inches wide. The coffin having been placed in the vault, for the better preservation of the body the whole had been cased in concrete, poured into the vault and coffin in a liquid state, and, as it hardened, forming a perfect shield. On removing this concrete, which was done with the greatest care, a skull and several bones, in a very perfect state, were discovered. The lower jaw had a complete set of beautifully formed teeth, and the upper jaw also presented some fine teeth. On the plaster was an excellent cast of the body, some of which is preserved entire, and develops the form of the shoulders most accurately. The texture of the cloth in which the body had been wrapped is also shewn on the lime. The directors of the Railway Company have presented to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society these remains.—*Globe.*

ART AND LITERATURE UNDER THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—By a decree of the Provisional Government, the Palace of the Louvre is ordered to be completed, and to assume the name of "Palace of the People." It is to be appropriated for the exhibition of the works of art, the productions of national industry, and the national library. The Rue de Rivoli is to be continued on the same plan. The works relative to the construction

of the Palace of the People are declared works of public utility; and the "expropriation" of the houses intervening is to commence forthwith.

To Correspondents.

F. (Nottingham).—A few verbal inaccuracies prevent our making use of the verses.

E. D. S.—Declined. The ms. is left as directed.

A Cumberland Man.—The Dictionary named is an able and ingenious work; but, notwithstanding certain defects and omissions, there can be no doubt that *Dr. Johnson* is still unrivalled.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Anslie, Cowie, and Co.; *Rosario and Co.*

Bombay: Weller and Co.; *J. A. Briggs.*

Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—THIS EVENING, LA SONNAMBULA. Mme. P. V. Garcia, Mme. Bellini, and Mdlle. Corbari; Sigs. Tamburini, Polonini, and Mario.—And **LE DIABLE à QUATRE.** Mdlle. F. Fabbri and Mdlle. C. Stephan; MM. Gentier and Bretin.—Commence at 8.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Mme. Solaro; Sigs. Gardoni and Lablache.—Between the Acts a DIVERTISSEMENT. Mdlle. Taglioni.—And **ALMA.** Mdlle. Cerito; MM. St. Leon and Perrot.—Doors open at 7½.

DRURY-LANE, CIRQUE NATIONAL DE PARIS.—THIS EVENING, THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE, &c. Mdlles. Caroline, Mathilde, Palmyre Anato, C. Ducos, and Amaglia; MM. Franconi, Loisset, Newsome, Leclair, Auriol, and André.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Regent Street, is now RE-OPENED, with the addition of a spacious Theatre and Galleries. Specimens of Art-Manufactures are greatly increased. Vast improvements have been effected in the Optical Department. Popular lectures by Dr. Ryan and Dr. Bachhoffner on Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy. A description of the Deposited Works by Mr. Crispe. Experiments with the Diver and Diving-Bell. The Music is conducted by Dr. Wallis.—Open daily from eleven to five; and in the evenings, including Saturday, from seven till half-past ten. Admission, 1s.; schools, half-price.

ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Success beyond all former precedent.—THIS EVENING, May 11, EXHIBITION of DANSON's superb PICTORIAL MODEL of ROME, Vocal and Instrumental Promenade Concerts, conducted by Mr. Godfrey and M. Emanuel. The European Melodists, in 20 different languages. Shakespeare's House, Remington's Magic Bridge, Flight of Perseus to the rescue of Andromeda, concluding with Fireworks by Southby, magnificent beyond all description. Gates open at 10 A.M.; Feeding Time, 5; Concert, 6; Flight of Perseus at dusk; Fireworks immediately following. Admission 1s.

N.B.—Grand Flower-Show on the 17th instant.

MME. WARTON'S WALHALLA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—The Last Six Weeks in London, when it will most positively close. Immense success of the New Classic Groupings, and Last Week of the Groupe from the New Republic Coin of France. Owing to the approbation bestowed upon the representations of Lady Godiva, it will be repeated until further notice. Madame Warton will have the honour of appearing every Morning at 3, and every Evening at 8, in her inimitable personation of Venus, from the Antique, Lady Godiva, Innocence, and in the much-admired Tableaux of Venus presented by Neptune, Bacchanalian Dance, Woman pleading for the Vanquished Jephtha's Return, Ceres receiving from Bacchus the Restorative Cup. In active preparation, and will be produced on Friday, May 19th, a Grand Morning and Evening Performance from the Works of Rubens. Stalls, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Promenade, 1s.

WANTED a SITUATION as COMPANION to a LADY. The advertiser has been much with an Invalid, and, if required, is capable of bestowing the care and attention required in such cases. Pecuniary remuneration is not so much an object as a respectable Situation, the advertiser being by distressing circumstances thrown upon the world without home or friends.

Address A. C., care of Mr. BURNS, 17 Portman Street.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE.—A WHITE POWDER for the TEETH, compounded of the choicest and most recherche Ingredients of the Oriental Herbal, of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and in giving sweetness and perfume to the Breath. It extirpates all tartarous adhesions to the Teeth, and ensures a pearl-like whiteness to the enamelled surface. Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties exercise a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of decay of the Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained its selection by Her Majesty the Queen, the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and the Sovereigns and Nobility throughout Europe.—Price 2s. 9d. per Box.

CAUTION.—To protect the Public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners have directed the Proprietors' Names and Address, thus,—"A. ROWLAND and SON, 20 HATTON GARDEN," to be engraved on the Government Stamp, which is affixed on each Box.—Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

This day is published, small 8vo, cloth, price 4s.

JUSTINA: a Play. From the Spanish of CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

London: James Burns, 17 Portman Street.

Lately published, price 2s. cloth lettered, with approbation of the Right Reverend Bishop CARRUTHERS,

REASONS for embracing the CATHOLIC FAITH. By a CONVERT.

"To those who, like ourselves, are surfeited with tales of imaginary conversions to and from all sorts of Creeds, the history which forms the first part of this useful little volume is a welcome relief."

"Any one who wishes to see how a controversial subject may be treated with vigour, good sense, and perfect Christian charity, will not be disappointed in these unpretending pages."—RAMBLER, vol. i. p. 124.

Edinburgh: J. Marshall, 22 Leith Street; London, C. Dolman, New Bond Street; T. Jones, Paternoster Row; and J. Burns, Portman Street.

DR. WISEMAN will preside at a *Déjeuner* at the **LONDON TAVERN** on MONDAY, for the **SPITALFIELDS POOR-SCHOOLS**. On Table at Two o'clock.

PAGLIANO'S SABLONIERE HOTEL, for **FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN**, 28, 29, and 30 LEICESTER SQUARE, by PHILIP NIND. This Hotel has been recently enlarged and newly furnished. A select Table d'Hôte, in the continental style, has been established—dinner on table at 6 o'clock precisely; dinner and dessert, 4s. Déjeuners and Dinners, à la carte, in the Restaurant till 10 o'clock, P.M.

On y parle toutes les langues.

FORD'S HOTEL for **FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN**, conveniently situated to all the West-end Catholic Churches and the Residences of the Ministers,

13, 14, 15 MANCHESTER STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

On y parle Français.

This Hotel having been just enlarged by the addition of a new House, the Proprietor trusts that he will be enabled to give perfect satisfaction to all the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, who may honour him with their patronage.

Catholic Poor-School Committee.

GOVERNMENT AID.

THE CATHOLIC POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE desire that no School may fall in obtaining assistance from the Parliamentary Grant, through want of distinct information. They therefore repeat the following announcement already conveyed to the Clergy in circulars.

Promoters of proposed Schools ought at once to prepare Memorials, requesting aid from the Public Grant.

Supporters of existing Schools, which are suffering from want of funds, ought to prepare Memorials with a similar prayer.

Memorials must be addressed to the Right Honourable the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, and forwarded under cover to the Secretary of the Catholic Poor-School Committee for presentation at the proper time.

The share of the Parliamentary Grant for Education, which should be secured for Catholic Schools during the current year by means of the Memorials in question, amounts to about £10,000.

It is feared that any delay in the preparation of Memorials will go towards forfeiting a portion of what might be obtained, and will result in the postponement for twelve months of the applicant's case.

SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES, Sec.

18 Nottingham Street, St. Marylebone.

MOURNING.—MR. PUGH, in returning his acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his *Maison de Deuil* is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

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